

A MOUNT HOLYOKE BOOK  
OF PROSE AND VERSE

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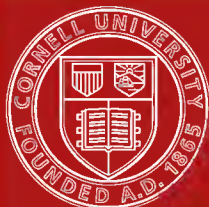
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**A MOUNT HOLYOKE BOOK OF PROSE  
AND VERSE**



# **A MOUNT HOLYOKE BOOK OF PROSE AND VERSE**

**EDITED BY**

**ELIZABETH CRANE PORTER, 1909**  
**FRANCES LESTER WARNER, 1911**

**CAMBRIDGE**

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**1912**

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## PREFACE

THE question of writing in colleges is now so much discussed that this collection of work published in the college magazine at Mount Holyoke between 1891 and the present, and printed now almost exactly as it first appeared, may have some claim to attention aside from that which a generous alumnæ interest will prompt. The book was undertaken to show the best of what Mount Holyoke girls have written, but once the manuscript was got together it proved to be a far more interesting thing, a sort of footnote to college history, alive with the successive interests of the different years and shaped as the college has been shaped. In general, moreover, the book is very fairly representative of the writing that girls do in college, both under compulsion and of their own initiative. The editors are proud to add it to the general celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the college in 1837.

A reminiscence of childhood is usually the first theme required from a girl in college. It is not a bad exercise and is often productive of charming little essays, more or less influenced by Mrs. Burnett, Kenneth Grahame, and Stevenson. They are printed in the college magazines year after year; often they

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are more interesting to their authors than to any one else, — a characteristic, however, that attaches to most reminiscence. Still, these tales of childhood, half essay, half story, are one of the things the college girl is capable of doing really well. She is near enough her own childhood and interested enough in it from the stand-point of her newly acquired maturity to see in it material for artistic presentment.

The more ambitious stories that college girls write are almost invariably of one of two kinds: little tales of suburban or college society and serious studies of New England country life. The stories of the first sort are everywhere rarer than one would expect. Occasionally some happy soul puts real gaiety into her work, but more often she falls either into flippancy or an accumulation of unessential detail. The other tales are a curious aftermath of the influence of Miss Wilkins, like her work in intent but without the understanding of human nature which she showed especially in her early stories. Work of this sort when written by college girls is serious, carefully elaborated, but sometimes unkind in attitude or so uncomfortably realistic as to be sordid. It is usually, because of lack of experience, far more creditable for the observation than for the insight it displays.

A similar lack of experience has its effect on the essays of undergraduates. Their papers are likely to be youthfully arrogant, with a self-conscious air of

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authority, or else — at the other extreme — painfully labored, badly overcrowded with conscientious detail, and above all things cautious. The aroma of red ink hangs over even the best of them.

One other kind of prose, however, is by contrast well done in college — hortatory expositions of an almost legal turn, developing and discussing questions of college interest. On these points the authors have their opinions, which they express clearly and decisively. Examples of such writing unfortunately can find no place in such a collection as this, as their subject matter has no permanent value.

When it comes to verse, the college girl is more successful than in any of her prose. She can seize a single moment of emotion or a delicate phase of beauty and put it into a few lines, unfinished sometimes but nevertheless suggestive and sincere. It is fun for her to play with words and verse-forms, and she need do no sustained thinking, as she must in all but the most trifling prose. She grasps the form easily, makes it a handy tool, and enjoys using it.

The truth of these generalizations may be judged fairly enough from the material that follows. It is for the most part indicative of undergraduate work at all women's colleges. Naturally, however, it is more particularly significant of Mount Holyoke virtues and shortcomings. The students there have had and still have, as the book will show, power to write inter-

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esting and directly appealing verse, sympathetic sketches of childhood, and serious, well-studied stories. They do not, however, write humorous tales, handled with a touch that is light without being flip-pant, and keen without being cheaply cynical. Perhaps the reason why is a lingering conviction that it is hardly right to spend real labor on a funny tale. A soul-struggle is apparently thought better worth the attention of the New England student mind.

The elements that are needed are a new and more normal point of view in the more serious stories, a sympathy at once more vital and discerning, more attention to lighter stories and essays, and, above all, more practice in technique. Some of these elements cannot reasonably be looked for. They would require a broader experience than an undergraduate can have. Others might perhaps be fostered if there were in the college community more interest in producing as well as in teaching literature. The work of undergraduates would be tremendously improved if more of the lighter element, in particular, could be added.

Many of the faults of college work are due unquestionably to the conditions of college life. The wonder perhaps is that the girls write at all. They have little time for quiet thinking, and none for thinking that cannot be turned into classroom currency. They are introspective, subjective — as indeed their age and occupation demand — and unfortunately most self-

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conscious, both as to their emotions and as to their literary aspirations. How much of this is a necessary evil, incident to the American system of theme-writing, now so vigorously attacked, is a question. The irritable, persecuted attitude of the rank and file does have its effect on even those students who "would write under any conditions"; but, on the other hand, many opportunities for work and criticism are not utilized as they might be.

Professional standards are out of place in a consideration of college work. It is bound for the most part to be amateurish and tentative, not to say imitative; but the fact that it is in a distinct class by itself gives it a right to standards of its own, — standards which are the only fair ones by which to judge it. That sort of consideration we hope the book will receive, and we offer it quite frankly for exactly what it is.



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**A MOUNT HOLYOKE BOOK OF PROSE  
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# A MOUNT HOLYOKE BOOK OF PROSE AND VERSE

## MY SOUTHERN ROSE

WHERE endless waves go softly to and fro  
Across a lake all flashing in the sun,  
Where the Great River, its long journey done,  
With mighty calmness rolls, majestic, slow,  
Where all things move to rhythms sweet and low,  
And like slipped rosary beads the moments run,  
In those old gardens from the Spaniard won,  
Born of the wind and sky, the roses blow.  
She blossomed there, my rose of Southern skies.  
The dusk of tropic nights is in her hair,  
The tropic sunlight smoulders in her eyes;  
Her breath is sweet as the rose-haunted air.  
In all love's gentle lore she is most wise,  
My Heart of Gold, my Rose beyond compare!

— *Lunette Lamprey, 1891.*

## MELODY

O MUSIC, flower of Life and Art,  
Whereby the seedling Thought is born,  
Thy rhythm wakes the pulsing light  
That paints the cloud of eve and morn;  
Thy heart is beating in the sea,  
And human hearts by thee are stirred  
When life is at her fullest tide,  
Too rich and deep for spoken word.  
— *Lunette Lamprey, 1891.*

## TURKISH VIOLETS

O VIOLETS which grow  
Around gray ruins of ancient fortresses,  
Or in the shade of gloomy cypresses,  
Or nestle low  
Beside the roots of mighty walnut trees  
Which have endured the storms of centuries,

Across the sea  
Your shy, sweet kindred fill the shady woods  
And sunny hollows o'er which nature broods;  
Where wander free  
Only her creatures — wind and bee and bird;  
Only their inarticulate voice is heard.

But you  
Sprung up from soil so often trampled o'er  
By mailed warriors that their crimson gore  
Has changed your hue  
To deepest purple, so in you we see  
How hardly won a thing is royalty.

— *Grace H. Knapp, 1892.*

## REMEMBERING

THE scarlet bee-balm blazes  
Among the oxeye daisies  
And sunflowers droop their heads before the wildoats'  
rebel spear.  
The field of lace-flower shimmers,  
And all the meadow glimmers  
Beneath the sultry August sun, down shining bright  
and clear.

I hear the veery calling  
His vesper note enthralling,  
And see adown the winding creek the silver willows  
gleam;  
And every cone and shingle  
And grapevine-threaded dingle,  
Comes back, this dreary winter day, to haunt me  
like a dream.

— *Dorothy H. Barron, 1893.*

## TO A SCARLET POPPY

SPENDTHRIFT Poppy, so gayly pouring your petals  
down,  
Tearing to rags your ruffles, spoiling your scarlet  
gown,  
Was it so lightly given, — gift of the summer sun —  
You tossed away the guerdon, flinging it off for fun?  
Or did the wild wind woo you, lure you with laughing  
love,  
Kiss you and leave you, the jester, reft of your treasure-trove?

— *Dorothy H. Barron, 1893.*

## THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

ON Hallowe'en, I played at the "Gardens." It was a compliment, being invited to play the second time, and Herr Weisar was much pleased, and anxious for my success. I think he was satisfied, for everything went well. I even dared to play my own little song, "Die Liebe"; every one was quiet, and, far in the rear, a beautiful face watched me with such intense interest that I can fancy I see it still. My violin spoke in response to the slightest touch, and I made no false motion. My song was received with enthusiasm, and counted a success. Yet a dissatisfaction seized me, even in the playing. A spirit, a divine impulsion, was lacking in my playing which made it a failure to me. I remembered the words of Herr Weisar:

"You can never play greater than you are; experience and maturity are necessary for development of soul; and soul, depth of character, is the life of true music."

Is it true, then, that I must wait years, perhaps, for power over these few stretched strings? I cannot wait; playing is my life; I would play on my heart-strings, rather than fail, rather than give no true life to my music.

Sometimes this fleeting, evasive power seems al-

## THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

most near me. As I play, *self* consciousness almost leaves me, and I live in the pulses of the vibrating strings. The music comes from my hand, or my heart-beats, and rises high into the air, like dream-music, creating columns of harmony, higher and sweeter, until it almost closes into the perfect arch of sound, — and yet it fails. The master touch is wanting.

As I rode home from the "Gardens" that night, I was more discouraged than ever before. I leaned to the side of the carriage, and looked out upon the brightly lighted street. I could see the merry-making going on in the pleasant homes as I passed, and could look into the faces of passers-by. I began to think how, on Hallowe'en, we used to roast chestnuts and tell fortunes, with our whole dear, wild family together. How happy it was, and how strange the witch stories they used to tell! They have a fascination for me yet, though it was long ago that I left that home, — and only James knows about those early days. The rich, intoxicating breath of the narcissus at my belt floated about me, like the clinging, passionate tenderness of my lover's voice. Was that his voice? and what are those dancing lights just beyond the window? What if that curious face which just passed were an imp's grinning face peering in at me, — and the driver, — if he were the uncanny rider of the broom-stick and we were whirling off towards that star, away, away, —

## THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

I started suddenly, as the carriage stopped before my door, vexed that I was so weary with my evening's work. It was not late; I would shake off my depression by writing to James, and go to bed early. I had neglected James lately, sending him only newspaper cuttings, when people had praised my work, — he is so foolishly proud of my playing. I wrote to him of my success, for I had many engagements and was earning money, of my plans for the winter, and of my own vague dissatisfaction with myself. I wrote of my song, "Die Liebe," how I had composed it for him, and would play it to him when we were together again. James seemed very near to me as I was writing; I longed so much to be with him, that I told him I would leave the city soon, and go to him. I had not seen him for a year, since he was sent away on scientific business, and now I was weary of the drifting and the loneliness. Ambition and enthusiasm for my music were swallowed up in a great love and yearning for home.

When I had finished the letter, the old habit led me to my loft, where I had practiced so many hours. Morning, noon, and midnight had often found me in this little sixth-story, closely walled room, with only my violin for companion. I forgot my purpose to retire early, and began the dear old scales, that are to music as hands and feet. I went on through one exercise after another, until the clocks tolled midnight, but

## THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

I could not stop. The witchery of the hour was upon me, and I played as if all the spirits, good and evil, were urging me on to find the magic melody.

“Play, play, — you may once gain the master touch you long for. Do not think of Herr Weisar’s approbation; give that up, if need be, but play the way your own soul tells you.” The undercurrent of thought was clear and impressive under the flow of music. I turned to the last symphony, in which I had played first violin. The strings of the dear old instrument quivered and throbbed under the passionate strains, and still the undercurrent of thought went on. “Play, play, — do not think of pleasing the audience. Renounce all idea of fame, only play with all your power,” and I went on, until the last strains of the symphony merged into a softer, even sweeter improvisation. I could not tear the bow from the strings, and by and by the notes of my little love song came to me, and thoughts sweeter than bird song of my one true lover; and again the undercurrent of thought flowed on, or was it a demon speaking to my soul?

“Play, play, — do not think of your lover, or his devotion to you. Renounce it all. Give him up; let him live how and where he will; only play as if these were your heart-strings, and each note a breath, or a sigh, — and you shall gain the master touch.” In my heart I assented to the voice; I played on and on, until the morning broke, conscious that the master touch

## THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

was mine at last. I had conquered, I had achieved. Again and again I played "Die Liebe," until it was like a human cry in pathos; until my own heart cried through it. As the last notes died away, and the dawn deepened into daylight, I sank upon the couch, overcome with weariness, and slept a long, dreamless sleep.

The next week, as I was growing anxious for news from James, I received a brief note.

"Died, on the evening of October 31, James West, after a brief illness, of the southern fever."

— *Martha Fletcher, 1894.*

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

MOONBEAM meshes tangled lie

On the grass tops, in the hollow,  
Round and round the wood nymphs fly,

Chasing hard the satyrs follow.

"Catch us, catch us, if you can,"

Laugh the wood nymphs in the hollow.  
Shout the satyrs, "Follow! follow!"

"Catch us!" — "Follow!" — "if you can."

All about the bright moon weaves

Mingled shadows, softly falling.

In and out among the leaves

Dance the wood nymphs in the hollow.  
Shout the satyrs, "Follow! follow!"

"Catch us!" — "Follow!" — "if you can."

Lower, lower drops the moon,

Oh, the witching summer weather!

Hark, the midnight hour! too soon

Moonlight, fairies fly together.

"Catch us, catch us, if you can,"

Laugh the wood nymphs in the hollow.  
Shout the satyrs, "Follow! follow!"

"Catch us!" — "Follow!" — "if you can."

— *Flora E. Billam, 1896.*

## TO KEATS

THY poetry is like a mountain lake,  
Wherein the tired wanderer may see  
The silver birch-trees and the timid brake  
Sway quietly.

They bow to listen to the waters mute —  
To wooing waves their mossy banks among,  
Breathing, like music from a hidden lute,  
A still, sweet song.

Moved by its melody the wavelets play,  
And win rich jewels from the kindly sun,  
That gleam and blend, and softly melt away  
When day is done.

But ere the flushing waves shall cease to glow,  
Murmuring a tender welcome to the night,  
Far in the depths the eternal stars will show  
Their holy light.

— *Evelyn M. Worthley, 1896.*

## A DREAM

LAST night I saw the slim moon rise,  
Faint o'er her clouds of rose-bloom spread  
    A lingering touch of sunset hue.  
Then with their tender, half drawn sighs  
Awoke the winds the sleeping stars  
    And bound them in the deepening blue.

All in the sparkling, frost-bound night  
I saw the dead flowers flutter forth  
    To dance beside the fairies there.  
They shone with softened rainbow light,  
Their voices faint — sweet, broken lutes —  
    Scarce echoed through the silent air.

The dreamy music, faintly sweet,  
Crept o'er me, through me. Round and round  
    Danced misty, rainbow-tinted forms.  
The moon grew paler, sank to meet  
The sleeping hills. Then dawned afar  
    From East to West the glowing morn.

— *Christine Hamilton, 1897.*

## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE — REVISED

THE East Side aristocrat was leaning against a saloon doorpost reading a two-weeks-old daily, unconscious of the throbbing, surging Bowery life about him, unconscious even that the news he read was two weeks behind time, conscious of nothing save that a cruel staring paragraph was burning its way into his very soul — for Bowery aristocrats have souls — and laying open anew an old wound, a mangled bit in his life history, which he had hoped Father Time's all-healing salve would cure and leave unscarred.

A Bowery comrade jostled against him, looked over his shoulder, and read the first paragraph his eye fell upon. It chanced to be a personal: "Doctor Florence Vaughan, daughter of General William Vaughan, late of this city, will begin immediately her work among the submerged part of our population, desiring to study social science from real life," etc., etc.

"Shosial Shience," muttered the comrade; "'nother of them darn fools comin' down to study shosial shience. Could n't git along 'thout us poor worms to dissect, them swells! Come on, pard, less go in to Har-rity's and talk up that game on the boss."

Pard made no move; his own particular paragraph still held him.

## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

"Wake up, old man!" A vigorous punch intensified this injunction.

"Curse you! Let me alone. I'm not in for that snide game of yours. Go to Harrity's if you like. I'm going to — Hades," he muttered under his breath, as, stuffing the old daily into his antique Prince Albert, the famous garment that had won him the name of "Parson" in Bowery-land, he meandered down toward Doyers Street.

The comrade only shrugged his gaunt shoulders, and with a "Parson's on his high horse to-day," turned in at Harrity's.

Parson stalked on past the saloons, the cafés, the gaudy notion stores, past the pawn shops dangling their pathetic trophies before unseeing eyes.

October had set her sun to work drying up the streets her clouds sprinkled yesterday, ambitious to finish her fall cleaning before blustering, untidy November moved in. It was afternoon, just between the rush of noon and night; down a side alley the children were playing. One of them spied the Parson as he turned the corner; instantly he set up a shout: "Hi dere, Pars, a story, a yarn, a howlin' good un now!"

The rest joined in, Hebrew, German, French, Polish, crying out in the native tongue or that of their foster mother for that which alone appeases the hunger of the child mind the world over.

The face of the East Side aristocrat relaxed as he

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looked at the restless, eager little bundles of highly differentiated protoplasm.

"Come on, then, kids." He led the way to one of their usual haunts.

"Tell us again 'bout Ulys an' the one-eyed feller," piped up one.

"Naw, the feller that sailed for the gol' wool," yelled another.

"Tell about the gods' feast an' all the jolly things to eat," screeched a hungry lad just under his elbow.

Hustling, jostling, screaming, they tumbled over the story-teller and each other; brief impromptu duels ensued, chaos reigned.

Then Parson spoke. His voice was low, but it was heard even in the midst of the tumult. It was a musical tone that claimed the individual attention of each grimy little ear. There was silence, sudden, deep. With scarcely a rustle each tiny human atom settled into its own particular space and the story began.

He told the story of Orpheus and the Eurydice he loved and lost. A strange story for the East Side children, but the lyre which led the triumphant march of trees and rocks over Grecian soil was managed with no diviner skill than that from which the story-teller drew words, expressions, tones, gestures, that he might sway the rough little audience of Bowery babies.

There was a long, deep breath when he finished.

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"I tell you, kids," he concluded, "there's Orpheuses and Eurydices livin' now, but it's mostly the Orpheuses that go to Hades."

"My! wa'n't he a gump to lose her!" said a lank nine-year-old, shifting her sleeping brother to her other shoulder.

"Huh! he was wus'n a gump to go after her, when she once lef' him," said crippled Neddie, aged eleven, who was wont to give sage discourses on matrimonial affairs.

The audience began to scatter.

"Hi! Parson, see them swells! Shall I paste um?"

A beautiful woman was moving toward them; very tall, very graceful, she swept forward buoyantly; a little light-haired curate tripped along beside her.

Parson looked at the woman. Did her beauty waken some dormant chivalry in his nature, hypnotizing for an instant all the low within him; or was it the memory of Eurydice that made him seize the small boy with the handful of street filth already aimed?

For a time a confusion of dirt, loose jointed hands and feet, frowzled hair, and fluttering rags disturbed the equanimity of the crowd. There was a cat chorus of "My! Parson's mashed!" "Himmels!" "She ain't your style!"

Parson dropped the breathless boy in a limp, bony heap and blazed out: "Don't you fellers know how

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to treat a lady? If yer don't, yer need n't come to any more of my matinées till yer find out. I want gents in my audience, gents an' ladies."

He won them as he always did when he was in earnest. The shaken lad gathered himself together and slowly fished a nickel out of his ragged pocket, saying winningly, "It did n't get shook out. Come on, Pars, I'll stand treat."

"All right, old feller, shake."

The irrepressibles shouted out, "We'll be pinks of perliteness at your next show, daddy."

The two "swells" had crossed the street to avoid the disturbance.

"The center of that group," twittered the young curate, "is a hard case; none of our workers can reach him; rather noted as a story-teller, for that reason has unbounded influence over the youth. All his stories are very deteriorating, of course."

"That must be stopped," and the woman's eyes flashed; she tapped the ground a little harder than her usual grace permitted.

Doctor Florence Vaughan was resting that night; resting from her first trip as a professional woman to the poorer quarters of her native city. As she lived the day over beside the glowing coals, among her luxurious pillows, she was shocked to find herself almost gloating over the utter wretchedness she had just left

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behind her, because of the boundless opportunity it gave her to live out the strong altruistic side of her nature. "Ah! Herbert Spencer, you never spoke more truly than when you said our intense altruism was intense selfishness, our intense selfishness intense altruism. Oh! this day means so much, so much to me, the day I have dreamed of so long. While I dreamed I injured no one. Will the working-out of my dreams, of the theories that are my very life, bring evil rather than good? How may I know? What if all my life should amount to worse than nothing?"

Then gentle Reverie put her hand softly on the rippling hair that fell over the forehead, aching with so many puzzling thoughts. And Reverie called her back to those halycon days, when all life was misty, delightful dreaming and planning for days to come, mingled with more practical preparation for the attainment of her purpose.

"Come," sighed Reverie, softly; "come back with me to that night when —"

"Oh, no, no! I will not think of that! I cannot!"

"Just to-night," pleaded Reverie, "just as you leave behind you the days when I have been so dear to you, give this one evening to me. You remember that night? It was late in June, you were just graduated from college, you had been reading till I crept into the library, then you sat very quiet in your rocker by the window, very quiet — till — Ralph came."

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"Oh, please leave me, you are cruel. I *will* forget."

"Ralph came, he had just received another magazine containing a criticism of his poem, the one that made such a hit, you remember; and he told what it said. Together you joked and laughed and schemed. You talked of the friendship that had begun in babyhood, of the Greek roots you had tussled over together, of the college days, of the confidential talks.

"I always had to tell you everything, Floss; there was no one else, you know, with father so busy and mother—' He paused there, and a little choke came into your own throat as you thought of his devotion to the queer, half insane stepmother who had made a strange impress on the boy's fanciful nature.

"A fellow has to spout to somebody or he'll explode, you know; and you've always been so understandingly sympathetic, Floss.'

"Rather awkward words for you to use, poet,' you had laughed back at him; but, as he sat there on the floor beside you, you smoothed the crisp black lock on top of his head, that always would stick out, and he lifted his hand high, clapping it down on top of his head as if a fly were there, but, grasping the hand instead, he held it tightly, and, looking at it half quizzically, said: 'I have caught it, now I shall keep it. I may, may n't I?'

"Then you laughed back your 'no' and tried to pull it away. He grew earnest, your 'no' grew more

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earnest, he pleaded, you grew haughty, he grew proud, the white moonlight made his black eyes blacker, his queer, earnest, homely face more ghost-like, he dropped your hand, and said solemnly, slowly, bitterly: "Curse you college training! Curse your insane theories! Curse your unnatural friendliness!"

"Then he went, and with him the friendship of a happy boyhood and girlhood vanished.

"You remember the news that came next day. His father's suicide, his mother's insanity, his loss of everything through his father's dishonorable venture. The letter that came, with the little package of foolish, childish trinkets that none but a poet would have treasured. Can't you read that letter even now? 'Miss Vaughan,' it began (he had never called you that in his life) 'everything I can find in my possession that ever belonged to you I return herewith. Everything but that letter you wrote since that night, and since the crash, *that* I consider myself entitled to keep; I have not read it and probably never shall; your cursed sympathy sticks out all over it, and that is the bitterest thing the fates have sent me yet.' That was all, and you have not heard from him since. He was unreasonable, wrong, foolish."

With a start Reverie brought her back to the present.

"I suppose the young curate will be up to-night with that altruist friend of his. I am anxious to meet him. What an enthusiastic little specimen the curate

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is! His self-conceit is so unconscious that it is quite refreshing; he would seem affected without it."

Doctor Florence Vaughan was very successful in her professional work. Many doors were open to her which no philanthropic worker had been able to enter before; her plans met with unparalleled response from the people themselves; she was seldom repulsed. Her friends attributed her success to her wonderful personality; she, herself, to her theories; her fearful mother to a kind Providence. She would have been much amazed had she known that throughout all slumdom she was known as "Parson's gal," and that there was a tacit understanding throughout the East Side that to insult the lady doctor was to incur the eternal hatred of Parson, one of their own gang.

Doctor Florence did not know that she was shadowed, shielded, guarded by the Bowery tough whose influence over the youth was so deteriorating.

Social science was striding forward those days. One of the leading magazines was issuing a series of articles that depicted slum life so truly, so powerfully, with such a sympathetic, impartial treatment, that it seemed a voice from the very depths of slum life itself.

"Oh, if I only might know the author!" sighed the doctor, one day. "Does n't any one know?"

None knew.

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The doctor was lecturing to the Mothers' Club; her subject was the old one of home keeping.

It was late in the fall; the dark came early, and carousals began sooner; the doctor was bold, she was full of her subject, and had only half finished. Parson sat outside the room on the stairs; the door was open and he could hear the lecturer. He looked more dissipated than ever; his head was splitting, he took off his battered old derby, and tried to smooth down a crisp, black lock that stuck out straight from the back of his head.

The lecturer's voice rang out clear and full: "Oh, if I could only make you feel as strongly as I feel it, that really to make a home and keep it nice, is the finest thing in the world! Whatever you may do, mothers, don't despise housekeeping, but thank God that you have a home to keep."

The East-Side aristocrat started up. "She lies! she lies!" he hissed, half under his breath. He reeled down the stairs and out into the night. On, on he went; he tried to get where he could look up into the stars, but the electric lights madly, laughingly danced in his way. At last he found a quiet, dark place.

"Ralph Williams," he said, shaking himself vigorously, "you're the biggest fool on God's earth; here you've let a woman, a dishonored name, a suicide father, an insane mother, drive you to the dogs. What right have you to live the life you do? Hypo-

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crisy clean through. Here you enter into the life of these people as though you belonged to them; go into their saloons, their robberies, their murders, — never to share the plunder, never to thrust the knife — heavens, no! — not even to drink their beastly rum, but to betray their trust, to make ‘copy’ of them, to base on their sacred life secrets a series of brilliant articles for the press. But you have your reward, Ralph Williams; you are growing like your surroundings; it is not all acting; you are letting their brutish habits creep into your very nature; and now your Eurydice has come to Hades, and you dare not even tell her you are Orpheus. Oh, but you forget, she would not let you be her Orpheus! How I hated her that day she came down with the little blond curate hopping along like a poodle beside her! But it has been heaven itself to keep her from harm. I *have* helped her in her work, after all, though she forbade it.

“To-morrow, Ralph, old boy, you shall throw away your useless life or else go back like a man to the world from which you vanished five years ago. But you cannot go back. It will have to be the other. Only one more in the Bowery; it will make no stir. To-morrow! why not to-night?”

He shoved his hand into the inside pocket of the old Prince Albert, and drew out a soiled, blank envelope; inside this was an envelope addressed to himself,

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a dainty note, that looked like Fifth Avenue stationery. The letter was sealed. He broke the seal. A deep oath escaped him. The date was written along the top, and the hour was given. He moved a little nearer the light. "Ralph, dear boy," he read, "I do love you. I want you. Let me help you in *your* work. Forgive me and come back." In the morning she had added a postscript: "Ralph, I have just heard about it; let me come to you."

Ralph Williams fell back into the dark corner. "O God, be merciful to a consummate fool!"

Half dazed, he roused himself and rushed back to the place where he had left her, not to make himself known, but just to see that she reached home in safety. There was a disturbance in front of the building where she had been lecturing; he hurried nearer; a drunken brawl! women — they have knives! good God! Florence sees them! She has rushed in!

Florence Vaughan had been pushed against the doorpost; a policeman had scattered the crowd; the first intelligible words she heard were: "Guess Parson's killed hisself fur ye, Miss."

There at her feet, a gaping wound in his shoulder, lay the dreaded tough, the man whom she had despised, whenever she thought how he thwarted her influence over the children. *He* had saved her life.

She knelt beside him giving quick, forcible direc-

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tions and working the while as only doctors know how to work. He was living. The bandage on, she had him turned over and, for the first time since her work in the slums began, she saw his face and knew him.

— *Mabel L. Eaton, 1898.*

## AN EXTRAVAGANZA

THOSE who are versed in the ancient history of fads tell a tale that should serve as a warning to the rising generation.

It began, as fads are rather apt to do, with something in the newspaper. A young lady read the stale remark about the tendency of farmers' wives to become insane from the isolation and monotony of their lives. Now, this girl had always cherished a vivid but secret fear of becoming insane. Though it had never before occurred to her that her life was particularly monotonous or isolated, it seemed evident now that this must be the cause of the calamity about to overtake her.

She was a college girl, and as all this happened during one summer vacation, she began immediately to construct for herself a model course of conduct to be pursued, on trial, during the next year. With the opening of her eyes, she realized that her first two years had been all on the same dead level, with small range of thought and action, and smaller range of emotion. A careful analysis of sensations convinced her that monotony of emotion was a peculiarly dangerous symptom, and here was the greatest necessity, as well as the greatest opportunity, for her to vary her

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life. Hers was no rash or venturesome spirit, and it did not occur to her that by leaving the routine of college altogether could she most easily evade her threatened doom. Her Puritan blood compelled her to examine the matter conscientiously; so she came to no half conclusions, and to none for which a basis of careful thought and research was not first laid. Moreover, she was prepared to put her theories to the test.

She had always tried very hard to do her work well, and only at rare intervals had the superior powers expressed anything but approval of her. The fits of blues ensuing on the occasional exceptions to this rule had been almost the only variation in her life. It was plain to her now that she had made a mistake. It was monotonous to do one's best always, and, moreover, highly desirable that disapproval should come often enough to make life interesting, though never so often as to become commonplace. Even though the result were a fit of the blues, that would only add to the good effect. In short, she resolved to emphasize her emotions. When a mildly cheerful mood swayed her, she would accentuate it, and become exceedingly cheerful. And when she wanted to indulge in the blues, she would let them be very dark ones. But never must one mood continue too long. Constant despondency and long-continued gayety were alike perilous. Sometimes she would learn her lessons very well, and again would fail to

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know anything about them, with occasional days of mere mediocrity. At times she would be very social, and seek the company of her friends. Then she would live by herself as much as possible, for a while. Sometimes she would put her whole heart into the enjoyment of material things, and spend all her nickels for sodas. She would even cultivate the acquaintance of the superior powers, if *ennui* should threaten.

Of course no schedule could regulate all these schemes, for her end would be defeated by a rigid system. An impulsive temperament was to be vigorously cultivated.

Her plans were well thought out, and they worked admirably for a time. She happened, fortunately enough, to be a clever and agreeable girl, and no very serious results followed either from temporary abstemiousness in the matter of studying or from spasmodic neglect of her friends. Her constitution, too, was strong, and stood the strain remarkably well. If, at times, she grew tired of irrational behavior, she considered it entirely accordant with her system to live on an ordinary level for short intervals. But her impulsiveness was every day responding to cultivation, and she found life very entertaining.

In course of time, it came to pass that this person met a young man, and they were attracted to each other. He found it pleasant to continue the acquaintance, even at some expense of time and trouble. He

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soon discovered that he was not happy unless he went to see her as often as possible, which was about once a week. Of course it became evident that what he had done a dozen times in succession, he was likely to do again. So the young lady, since he was very agreeable, began to look forward to his call as one of the pleasantest events of her week.

But one day it flashed across her consciousness that not only was she doing the same thing at the same time every week, but was experiencing the same emotion each time, and the matter occupied a considerable share of her thoughts. She was constantly happy, a thing most strictly to be guarded against. It was that very day that he told her that once a week was not enough to keep him contented, without the prospect of her constant company for the future.

It was not a year since her theory had been put to the test, and it had worked, until lately, to perfection. An hour before, it had become plain to her that she was to some extent transgressing her law because of this man. Now a decision must be made — which should it be? She was a Puritan maiden, remember, and could not bear to be conquered. Did it make any difference to her that the thought of him kept her constantly happy? This, in itself, was not to be allowed. She permitted herself but a moment to decide, and announced her choice. The man went away, and did not come back.

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During the summer a trip to Europe made it easy for her to live out her theory. With tolerable courage, she began the next year; but senior responsibility, she thought, weighed upon her so that it was a little more difficult to be giddy and impulsive. By spring she found herself plunged in gloom, continuous, and therefore most dangerous. It required a mighty effort to arouse herself for the commencement festivities. And the effort was too much. On the eventful day, as she stood on the commencement stage to receive her diploma, she resolved upon her future career. She would take an indefinitely long post-graduate course, in a convent. It would perhaps be amusing to wear the remarkable costume, and perform duties which she knew of only through Victor Hugo. If insanity should be the result — what of it? At least that was a sensation she had never experienced.

— *Margaret Ball, 1900.*

## UNDER THE ROSE

LAST night the blush rose clustered;  
To-day the rough wind blows  
In showers her broken petals;  
Last night — yet no one knows, —  
I kissed thee, sweetheart, sweetheart,  
Under the rose.

Last night my fond hope blossomed;  
To-day December snows  
Drift deep and cold above it;  
To-day, — ah! no one knows, —  
My heart breaks, sweetheart, sweetheart,  
Under the rose!  
— *Catherine Y. Glen, 1901.*

## ON FIRST READING THE BROWNING LETTERS

As once when walking idly in a wood  
I chanced upon a still, half-hid retreat  
Untrod ere this by all save fairy feet  
And, all abashed, I ventured not, but stood  
Reverent before the forest's maidenhood;  
Saving against a future day the sweet  
Still memory of the silver ferns, the fleet  
Bright water, the red cardinal, a good  
Not to be reft away; — so in this book  
I dare not enter deeply to profane  
Its secret fastnesses; with awe I pore  
Upon the silvern words, whose brightness took  
From poet passion all its sacred stain,  
But leave unswung the guardless inner door.

—*Emily L. Covell, 1901.*

## FULL TIDE

MOON-SILVERED wooer bold, the sea  
Strides in o'er shoals and bars.  
The earth, to grace her bridal, dons  
A diadem of stars.

—1901.

## THE FOOLISH CLOWN AND THE GAY SOUBRETTE

MERRILY, merrily dance they yet,  
The foolish clown and the gay soubrette,  
Bowing, smiling, hand in hand,  
See! At the end of the act they stand  
To meet the applause that thunders down,  
The gay soubrette and the circus clown.

Merrily, merrily dance we yet  
Like the foolish clown and the gay soubrette,  
And what's to the world when the curtain's down  
The gay soubrette or the circus clown?

—*Emily L. Covell, 1901.*

## A SONG

O HEY for waves and the winds of June,  
And the flight of the sea-bound wings,  
The dip and the lift of a spray-dashed keel,  
And the songs that a white sail sings!

Then onward and outward and far away,  
With the rush of the parted seas,  
The tingling shower of the flying spray,  
And the sweep of a seaward breeze.

Then O for the joy of the sea in June,  
And the flight of the strong white wings,  
The dip and the lift of a spray-drenched keel  
And the songs that the salt wind sings!

— *Ruth Davenport Holmes, 1902.*

## THE MAID'S SONG

Oh! my light heart and I together  
Set out to roam, this gay spring weather;  
I to the meadows did betake me,  
There did my truant heart forsake me.

Full well I know where he is biding,  
That hath my truant heart in hiding;  
But yestreen he did heartless call me —  
Alas, that it should so befall me!

For my light heart and I together  
May roam no more in gay spring weather;  
Yet if he will but gently use it,  
I grieve not overmuch to lose it.

— *Ruth Davenport Holmes, 1902.*

## IN THE FIRELIGHT

*Rest thee, my little one, rest;  
The shadow fays steal from the west  
Bearing sweet dreams, like shut flowers  
Asleep in the cool, dim, night hours  
Rest thee, my little one, rest.*

The slender moon, tip-tilted, sinks to sleep  
Behind the mountain's shoulder in the west,  
While on my hearth the light flames laugh and  
    leap,  
Upspringing like the fettered prisoner blest  
With sudden freedom; so they flash and play  
Like glinting sword-blades 'gainst the dusky  
    sprites  
That darkly battle at the close of day  
Within this quiet room. My fancy lights  
Upon the child, and then I see him lie  
All flushed and rosy-tinted like a flower,  
Kissed by Dream's dewy lips beneath my eye  
Not cold in marble pureness; is 't the hour,  
The warm red flames, that lend me fantasies?  
Nay then, forever let me sit and dream,  
Holding the child safe-sheltered where there is  
Naught but my love within the firelight's gleam.

## IN THE FIRELIGHT

Then come, thou laughing baby, to my arms,  
And let thy curls fall here in tangled sway  
Upon my hand; and all the night's alarms  
The bright up-leaping flames shall swift dispel,  
While I will croon thee soft a lullaby,  
Mine own. Sleep, while the dancing fire-tongues  
tell  
Their mystic cradle-song ere yet they die.

*So rest thee, my little one, rest:  
While the shadow fays steal from the west,  
Bearing sweet dreams, like shut flowers  
Asleep in the cool, dim, night hours  
Rest thee, my little one, rest.*

— *Beth Bradford Gilchrist, 1902.*

## ENVOY

As wandering breezes wake again to song  
Some silent viol till the spaces throng  
With gay life, music-conjured, and the spell  
Seems to but thrill the vibrant chanterelle  
To tenderer melody;

So memory shall breathe across the strings  
Of these glad college years, rose-twined, where clings  
In after days the music of fair hours  
To wake their sweetness, fragrance of past flowers,  
To tenderer melody.

— *Beth Bradford Gilchrist, 1902.*

## SHELLEY

You say a burst of joy you hear? Why, yes,  
The song is wondrous sweet — and yet  
The singer's pain, I think, we ne'er forget  
E'en when the music flows in glad excess.  
And now, you say, a note of deep distress?  
But while we list and while our eyes are wet,  
And while we hear despair, dismay, regret,  
Untrammelled hope arises still to bless.  
Anguish and misery must pass away,  
And yet their scars upon the heart remain.  
The wind-tossed skiff returns to port again  
And nestles safely in the peaceful bay;  
But as the voyager prays with grateful tears  
The sea still murmurs threatenings in his ears.  
— *Martha Tappan Webster, 1903.*

## A GIPSY SLUMBER SONG

SLEEP, little one, sleep. The woods are still;  
The fairies are dancing under the pine,  
I can see the stars in their jeweled crowns,  
And their floating robes in the moon-mist shine.

Round and round they dance and sway,  
Hand in hand in the dim, wan light;  
Soft is the fall of their twinkling feet,  
Lest they waken the flowers that sleep by night.

Sleep, little one, sleep. The pine trees sway;  
Away in the forest the shadows are deep;  
While the fairies dance and the moon shines dim, —  
Sleep, little brown gipsy-boy, dreamlessly sleep.

— *Marion Louise Richardson, 1903.*

## THE BARRED WINDOW

BIBI RANI<sup>1</sup> sat in the courtyard dreaming. It was still early and the fresh, sweet air, the flat, Eastern roofs with their burden of cots and white-clad figures, and above all the quaintly clad maiden in the courtyard told of India, and India of the springtime. It was the spring, it must be the spring, thought Bibi Rani. She restlessly shifted her chin on the palm of her hand, making the jewels on her forehead and hands clink and the rich crimson scarf slip away from her dark hair and delicate face. What made her think of him? Ah, she would not think of him; it was immodest! Two slender hands covered the face; the jewels clinked again.

"Bibi Rani!" called a voice from the House of the Courtyard. "Where art thou? Come and see the beautiful silks the merchant has sent in!"

"Yes, mother." But the little gold-embroidered slippers still lay undisturbed beneath the bed, and Bibi Rani still sat dreaming. How handsome he was! And he had said, "The third time will be the last time." What had he meant?

"Bibi Rani!" and the voice was so close that the dreamer slipped from the bed and into the shoes.

<sup>1</sup> Bee-bee Ráh-nee.

## THE BARRED WINDOW

"Well, thou hast missed him now; he could not wait any longer. And I wanted thee to see the green silk roll."

A stately, middle-aged woman with aristocratic Mohammedan features sat down on the bed which Bibi Rani had left.

"I might as well tell thee, Bibi Rani; I have sent to the merchants for clothes for thy dowry. It is high time! Eighteen and unmarried! Another year and thou wouldst be an old maid and our family disgraced."

"Married, mother? I," then Bibi Rani hung her head, for the Mohammedan girl must not talk of her marriage; it was immodest. Besides, what need had she to do that? Her parents saved her all trouble by choosing the man and arranging the wedding.

"Shameless girl!" started the mother, when the door of the courtyard opened and shut behind the white-clad, turbaned form of a man.

"Why, what is the matter?"

Even as he spoke Bibi Rani ran to him, her father who spoiled her and took her part against her brothers.

"Father! I — must I —?" she halted before him, her face half hidden in the falling scarf.

"Must you? What is the matter?" asked the man, turning to his wife.

"I have just told her about her marriage."

## THE BARRED WINDOW

"And is this the way she takes it? For shame, Bibi Rani! After I worked so hard to get thee a man of good family! Zahir-ud-din<sup>1</sup> belongs to the oldest families, is rich and healthy. What more could a girl want? — Nay, I am vexed with thee. Go indoors; I would speak to thy mother."

With the crimson scarf trailing and the jewels on the feet and hands and face chiming daintily, the little Mohammedan maiden crept into the house. Zahir-ud-din! Must she marry Zahir-ud-din? Ah, it was cruel; it was cruel. He was so young and so handsome, and that man who in three months would be her husband was as old as her father — and ugly.

Bibi Rani had wandered into one of the many little rooms that made up the House of the Courtyard. She stood crouching by the outer door. From the large living-room in the center came the sound of children bawling and women talking, while around her the heavy odor of musk and spice was almost visible — and yet — Suddenly Bibi Rani looked across the room to where hung a rose-colored scarf, torn and bunched, from which stole a fragrance of roses which overpowered even the musk and the spice. She stood still as if listening, then gently opened the door into the living-room. The noise swept in like a gust; she closed the door. They had not missed her; and, really, as no one could see her, it was not immodest. Yet she

<sup>1</sup> Za-heer'ud-deen.

## THE BARRED WINDOW

hesitated, for she was an Indian maiden; but the sun poured in from the window, a bulbul singing outside gave sound to the waving of the green, fresh trees. It was springtime, and why should she not yield to her whim? She walked up to the pink scarf.

"My lord," she whispered in its folds, "your hand touched this — it was the second time; oh, I would not be bold — but I would see you again — no matter if it be 'the last time' and I die then."

There was silence.

"My lord," she whispered again, "I kiss the print of your hand."

"What is that thou art doing, Bibi Rani?" A little boy stood in the doorway which led to the living-room.

"Ah, Hakim."<sup>1</sup> The little maid started towards him, confused. "Ah, brother, nothing at all."

"Why, that is thy best scarf — the one that got torn and mother was so angry, when our carriage upset in the sand." He chuckled. "Did n't you women squeal! Now men like me — a-hum," as Bibi Rani hid her mouth behind her hand. "Thou needst not laugh, Bibi Rani. I saw thee when the gallant on horseback pulled thee out from the sandhill, and thy scarf was torn and thy hair was mussed and the sand was in thy eyes and mouth and nose. There! Thou wast like a drowned muskrat! There!"

<sup>1</sup> Haa'keem.

## THE BARRED WINDOW

"Nay, nay, Hakim, do not be angry; come, I will give thee my sweetmeats; come, talk to me. Hakim!" But Hakim had slammed the door. In a moment he appeared again.

"I am glad thou art to be married! I hope thy husband will beat thee, and mother said that we have all finished breakfast and thou hadst better come."

Soberly Bibi Rani followed the haughty little man.

For the next few days there was pleasant excitement in the house. Merchants came daily to display their goods; jewelers sent in handsome bracelets and earrings. The mother, cousins, friends, and maids of the bride-to-be buzzed around the house as excited as if the nuptials were their own; but the little maiden whose marriage it was that caused the fever slunk around as if she had committed a crime, hanging her head or walking quickly away when they talked of the wedding, for that is what a modest Indian maid must do. Her friends smiled now and again or teased her indirectly, but as a rule the bride was left to herself while the bride's clothes were discussed.

"Thy *mayans*<sup>1</sup> begin to-morrow, Bibi Rani." The mother spoke gently, for the girl was her only daughter and the *mayans* were the beginning of the end when she would lose her.

"The *huldi*, a really good, strong yellow dye, which ought to make thee as ugly as can be desired, is ready.

<sup>1</sup> *Mā'yans* (nasal *n*).

## THE BARRED WINDOW

Thou wilt shine as the sun on thy wedding day in contrast to the three weeks of the yellow paint."

Bibi Rani spoke no word, and the drooping scarf hid her face.

The mother continued. "He will be good to thee, daughter. It was his great desire to have thee. May the blessing of the prophet go with thee!"

Bibi Rani murmured, "Yes, mother," and walked slowly out of the room. She wandered restlessly about the courtyard and then shut herself again in the room of the Rose-colored Scarf. The scarf was gone. She went and stood by the barred window. She could just see the tops of the trees and a bit of the sky; it was cloudy and looked like rain; the room was gloomy, for there was no sun and the bright scarf was missing.

"He is a man," she said. "He can do anything. Why, if he wanted to he could break this door and take me away; he could, he could — but — perhaps he does n't want to," she whispered with bent head.

The inner door jarred. Instinctively Bibi Rani went towards it; she stopped with her hand on the bar. It was her mother talking to her aunt.

"Of course, I did not know," she said.

The aunt answered, "Now really, was n't that strange! I am glad Bibi Rani was not bold."

"The poor child was as frightened as I was. We had never traveled by the Iron Road before and the

## THE BARRED WINDOW

snorting of that big 'engine,' they call it — well, I swore I would never travel that way again!"

"Well," the aunt said, "you always seem to have ill luck in your journeys. Let me see, two months ago it was that your closed carriage upset. Ah, that was terrible!"

"But the living horse is an animal and can be checked, while that iron monster, holy prophets! I don't wonder Bibi Rani fainted." Here the listening girl heard a thud and a yell. "Hakim, my son!" The rustling of silk accompanied her mother's footsteps as she hurried to the rescue of the Young Pretender.

Bibi Rani was frightened. Had they found out her secret? Was that the reason they were marrying her off so quickly? The handsome stranger had only caught her as she fell and saved her from the cruel iron wheels. But her parents did not care; they did not love her; they would rather have her marry the old Zahir-ud-din, because he was of good family. And then, as the rain beat on the barred window, Bibi Rani wept.

"I have been immodest to think — to think — thus — of a — man — but I do not want to marry Zahir-ud-din. Oh, Allah, Allah!"

A ray of sunlight quivered into the room of the Rose-colored Scarf; it fell at the feet of the little maiden. But still she sobbed. Then the soft spring air, wet with the scent of the falling rain, crept in through

## THE BARRED WINDOW

the iron bars and touched the hair and the bent face in the shadows. Bibi Rani looked up and then out into the big, open world. There was a dark cloud across the blue sky, but it was the sunlight that made it dark. A bird flew across the window, its feathers all wet, but its song still fresh and sweet and happy.

But who was that man? She stood on tiptoe and his turbaned head was all she could see. Old Zahir-ud-din, she supposed! Why should he be in her beautiful picture of spring? He was old. Yes, when he played with her in her girlhood days he was old. — But there was the sky, the trees, and the fragrance of roses blew on her face; it was springtime, things must come right somehow. The *mayans* began to-morrow, that was three weeks: then the actual wedding ceremonies lasted several days. Oh, there was time, time, time; much could happen even in one hour!

Bibi Rani had been so engrossed in her calculations that she had not noticed the sudden quiet of the living-room, and a whispered conversation by her door startled her. This time her father and mother were talking.

“He can’t,” snapped her mother.

“He will,” said her father. “What is the use? We cannot do anything. We are bound to our promise. You had better tell the girl.”

There was a pause.

## THE BARRED WINDOW

"It is really not so bad," continued the man's voice. "We won't be blamed and it will save much expense. Tell the girl; I will see to the things outside."

A door slammed. There was quiet.

The girl stood with dilating eyes. What was it? What was wrong? The bands of sunlight filling the room tried to draw her to the spring outside, but Bibi Rani stood by the door. What was wrong?

"Bibi! Bibi Rani, where art thou?"

"Here, mother." She unbarred the door.

The mother entered, sat down on the floor, and rocked herself as she wept.

"I had planned it all out — he has got the priest on his side — he wants thee to be married — to-morrow."

To-morrow! Bibi Rani crouched against the wall and drew her scarf around her. To-morrow!

"But the *mayans*," she faltered.

"Did I not tell thee he has the priest and every one else on his side?" snapped her mother. "Well," the woman rose, "we must hurry; there is much to be done; the ceremony begins in two hours. Come, thou must be washed and dressed."

The door closed on the empty room of the Rose-colored Scarf.

It was nearing dawn. Bibi Rani had sworn to the lawyer behind the curtain concerning the dowry that would content her should her husband prove unfaith-

## THE BARRED WINDOW

ful; she had submitted to the hanging of handsome clothes and jewels upon her; and now she sat in the room of the Rose-colored Scarf with her mother and the old nurse waiting, waiting for the bridegroom to come.

"Thou wilt be away beyond the mountains at this time to-morrow, Bibi Rani," said the old nurse.

Bibi Rani looked up, dazed. "Beyond —?"

"Aye," said the mother, willing to talk to the girl even of the bridegroom for the last minutes they would be together. "His regiment is ordered away. That was why he wanted thee at once — the most unheard-of thing," she moaned. "The wedding hastened and the bride carried away like that!"

"His regiment?" repeated the little bride as if she had not understood.

"Aye," began the mother.

"Hush." The old nurse raised her hand. "They are coming."

The living-room had been resounding with singing and the beating of tomtoms; now there was silence. Men's feet tramped across the room. There was a knock at the room of the Rose-colored Scarf.

"Enter," said the mother.

The priest, in his white robes, led in the bridegroom, his face hidden in garlands of jessamine.

The bride in her drooping scarf saw nothing, but she touched the wall by her as if looking for escape.

## THE BARRED WINDOW

A door banged. Ah, some one was coming in! She had almost unveiled her face.

Her nurse held her arm. "Hush, hush, my child."

There was a scuffling at the door.

"He is only delaying us," spoke the impatient voice of the priest. "See, the shadows are already rising."

"But I will see sister!" sniffled the voice of the imperious and much-spoiled Hakim. "They shut me up — but — now I — am going — to see her! — I'm going to see her married!"

"There, there, let him be," said the father. "We can't wait any longer."

Frightened and confused, Bibi Rani rose at the voice of the priest.

. . . . .  
It was over. The flickering *Divas* tried to fuse their yellow light into the blue white of the dawn which outlined the barred window. The odor of musk and spices filled the room. But the soft fragrance of the spring roses outside overpowered all else; to the little wife it was as the breath of freedom, and it came through the barred window.

"It is over," said the priest briskly. "Now bring the mirror!"

The respective fathers dragged out a looking-glass and laid it on the floor. The mother of the bride drew the closely veiled, shrinking girl to one side of it and the groom was led to the other.

## THE BARRED WINDOW

Bibi Rani's mind was a dull maze; words and phrases seemed to stand out mechanically before her. "Married — married — the last time — Zahir-uddin — regiment — married." Was she losing her senses? Nay, she was dreaming, she must be dreaming. Bibi Rani threw back her veil and looked into the glass. She saw the groom push aside the white garlands from his face. She shuddered.

. . . . .  
"The third time!" said the lips of the radiant face that looked up at her from the mirror.

— *Dora Maya Das*, 1909.

## THE SUNSET CLOUD

A LITTLE cloud, at sunset hour,  
Came wandering through the sky,  
And, kindled by the glowing west,  
In flames it floated by.

The sun sank lower, and the cloud  
Hung in his pathway bright,  
Trembling with gold and crimson fire,  
A coal of living light.

But when the last faint blush had paled  
Before the winds on high,  
The ashes of a little cloud  
Were blown across the sky.

— *Hellen J. Gay, 1904.*

## ON THE ROSSETTI SONNETS

As some old, stately castle, ivy-grown,  
Its richly stained windows all unseen  
Beneath the thick entwining leaves of green,  
Seems from without but solid walls of stone;  
Yet when the door is passed, and then alone  
The traveler sees at last, with wonder keen,  
The light soft-shed within, the glow serene  
Of beauty and of splendor long unknown;  
So once the House of Life appeared to me;  
Its stately, ivied walls alone I knew,  
Until at last that wondrous, mystic face,  
Beata Beatrix, full silently  
Swung wide the door, and showed me, passing  
through,  
The unguessed beauties of that holy place.

— *Hellen J. Gay, 1904.*

## THE SPARROW'S NEST

THE sparrow had followed the glory awing,  
As the oriole flashed through the trees,  
To his nest's dainty swing, with his song's sweet ring;  
"Oh," he said, "mine shall be like to these!"  
And the sparrow knew not his coat was plain  
As he dwelt in the oriole's tree,  
And tirelessly chipped at his tiresome strain,  
And fashioned his nest with a duller brain,  
But withal with an equal glee.

— *Edna E. Linsley, 1904.*

## MEMORIES

THERE was a summer day of blue sky-sea,  
Where cloud ships went a-sailing merrily,  
There was a little place where roses grew,  
And whispered to the wooing winds that blew.  
There was a love, — I know now that it made  
The roses and the sky a fairer shade.  
Folded within the year is that bright day,  
And all its golden glory slipped away;  
While in that little place of roses sweet,  
To-day the petals lie about my feet.  
But in the garden of eternity  
Blossoms that same great love immortally.

— *Katherine Harris Bill, 1904.*

## OUR LIFE'S STAR

As in the mystic twilight shines a star,  
Gleaming with one fair beam alone,  
Through heaven's misty reaches piercing far,  
The harbinger of all the hosts unknown;

So life's dim way is with a future bright,  
And though a present gloom the beauty mars,  
Yet is the vast horizon touched with light,  
Till all of life shall be one sky of stars.

— *Laura Helen Paddocks, 1905.*

## VERLANGEN

WHEN sudden thoughts of thee surprise my soul,  
As the swift bluebird's flight amid the green,  
Or 'neath black clouds the flaming oriole,  
Or as the lark's sweet song, when, nothing seen,  
Down-dropping gently from the heavens like dew,  
It rouses in the breast a tender hope,  
Or as the full bird-choir, when eve is new,  
Bursts on my ears if I the casement ope,  
Then do I long for skill to fabricate  
A golden sonnet-cage, and capturing these,  
While they pass swiftly through the windy gate  
Of thought, that, swinging free with every breeze,  
Shuts in the twilight past with memory,  
Send them, sweet tuneful prisoners, to thee.

— *Helen L. Willcox, 1905.*

## AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE

THE crimson leather of the case has darkened, and the gilt of the frame is flecked in places. In most lights the portrait itself is only a ghostly blur, like a damp breath across a mirror, but woo it long enough, and Grandmother gazes forth in all her bridal splendor. Her shoulders are drawn firm and erect to display to best advantage the scant, short cape which almost conceals her hands and arms. A beaded bag is artfully arranged to peep from among the folds of the plaid skirt. But the face above the knotted East India scarf is too demure and serene for any touch of pride. The little blue-plumed bonnet outlines the oval breadth of forehead, then sweeps away on either side, to leave room for the tiny pink roses between its brim and the girlish cheek. Their petals curve delicately against the dark bunches of curls.

From the portrait in my hand, I look at Grandmother herself as she rocks gently by her window. Her soft, lined face flushes with the shy pink of the daguerreotype's when I say how beautiful she was then and how lovely now. Sometimes, if I coax long enough, she tells me of the days before the beaded bag or the leghorn bonnet. Then in a bright, low-ceilinged room a little girl climbs with deliberate care to the window-

## AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE

sill to water the white rosebush beneath, or the sunset filters through dark boles of pine trees to splash, with yellow radiance, a narrow-skirted, crisp-ruffled little figure bent over her sampler on the wide veranda.

She tells me, too, of her own grandmother and the stories before the tallow dips are lighted, when the old lady's cap glimmers through the dusk. The little girl leans close against her knee to hear once more of the sacking by the British, — how the beat of their oars sounded from the bay at the further side of the pines, and how frightened Black Pompey's face looked as he reconnoitered from the tallest, with his master stamping in impatience at the foot. She grows breathless as she hears of the hurried flight on horseback, and the women and children cowering on pilions. She heaves a deep sigh of relief as her grandmother reaches the return to a house which the "Red-coats" have left still standing, though they have slashed the great feather beds and dashed the brown milk crocks into a hundred pieces.

Now Grandmother is nearing the days of the daguerreotype in her stories. She does not tell me of her blue eyes, the eyes of a great beauty, and the dark curls dancing against her white throat; but I can see them all. She is growing dignified, she declares, and has stopped sending the old lead cannon ball (relic of British days) whizzing and leaping over the smooth

## AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE

length of the veranda. Indeed, I think she has reached the time of "the rare old book."

It stands in my bookcase where the rich leather of Shakespeare and Milton overshadows its dimmed gray binding, as their mightier music drowns its slender spinet note. "The Poetical Works of Miss Landon," so reads the title-page, and opposite is "L. E. L." herself with her hair in a wondrously wired bow above the penciled eyebrows, and an alluring pout on her poetess lips. In the table of contents there is no mark opposite "The Violet" — Grandmother's lover would have his message unassuming as the flower. Farther on through the mellowed pages one fern-like arrow guides the reader to the poem's final stanza: —

"Let Nature spread her loveliest  
By spring or summer nurst;  
Yet still I love the violet best,  
Because I loved it first."

Concerning the years which follow, Grandmother is rather silent. I hear of the wedding journey and the taking of the daguerreotype, but her modesty allows only occasional glimpses of the busy hours in dairy or garden. In times of rejoicing or sadness she takes the children in the vast family carriage and drives forty miles down the hills to the old home. Here Aunt Sally Ann reigns supreme.

Aunt Sally Ann is slim, unbelievably slim and majestic. She brushes her fluff of auburn hair to an

## AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE

immovable satin line above each temple. She is most methodical; the high heels of her slippers click as she places them exactly together by the valance of the high-post bed. A fine disciplinarian, too, Grandmother assures me; little fingers once tapped by her shears never reach again for the dazzling sewing-bird whose bill grasps her work.

She had lovers a-plenty in spite of her remoteness of bearing. One handsome young gallant was forced to go on a short journey. The heart under Aunt Sally Ann's plum-colored basque quickened its beating, and one curl escaped from its satin band as they parted. But the lover's note, penned in the ardor of moonlight, shattered the romance forever: "Good-knight my dear, my dearest dear." If his spelling had but equaled his fervor!

But it is of the farm itself, her home for so many years, that Grandmother speaks increasingly often,—of the whiteness of the house reflected in the snowy phlox of the garden, of the trumpet vines which trail over the lower windows, and the wax bushes which drop their strange fruit upon its sills. I know just how the humming-bird builds each year in the crotch of the yellow rose, and I know, although I have never seen them, how the orchards slope to the great clover field, and the clover field in turn to the swamp, where red-winged blackbirds flash from the emerald tufts and dragon flies quiver in air. I am initiated, too,

## AN OLD DAGUERREOTYPE

into the secrets of the meadows. I could find the pennyroyal in the thin pasture grass or the bee-balm where it flaunts its vagrant glory. Even the haunt of the healing goldthread is no mystery to me.

The sailor marooned ashore feels the very wash of the tides through his blood, while his eyes ache for the flash of a whitewing over a green sea plain. So our exile from the hilltop farm longs each year for the low-toned glow of violets by the spring-house door, or the cry of phœbes from the dim barn eaves.

The patch of sky is deceptively blue beyond Grandmother's window, and the chipmunks leap up the maple trunk in a truly summerlike way.

"Now that the sewing's done," Grandmother begins artfully, "I think I'll go home and help in the house-cleaning."

"But it's only February, Grandmother."

"I must put up some cherries, too, this year. They forgot it, last."

"It is n't Easter yet, Grandmother."

"The raspberries are ripe by the old wall, and the blueberries. I must tell them to sow buckwheat in the long meadow."

— *Anna Miller, 1909.*

## TO HUBERT VAN EYCK

O PAINTER of those far-off, golden days!  
When life was over and your hand was still,  
When no more at the bidding of your will  
A picture grew, when neither blame nor praise  
Could move you, did your beauty-loving eyes,  
Opening at last within the City's walls,  
Behold the dreamed-of Lamb, the Light that falls  
Upon the hills and dales of Paradise?  
And if you saw them, did their beauty seem  
A least part of the glory of your dream?  
Were the Eternal City's slopes so fair  
With springing flowers? Did the heavenly air  
Pulse with the music of an angel band  
That ever round the Lamb adoring stand?

— *Madeleine A. White, 1906.*

## WINDS OF REMEMBERING

*Across this same blue brimming tide,  
You watched a ship at sea;*

WHAT white-winged bird is that which skims the  
sea?

Quietly in the deep embrasure stands  
The lady. Over the deep distant blue  
Her soul goes out in gazing, and rests upon  
The filling sails like a caress. A page  
Behind her strums his harp-strings all unheard,  
And carols underneath his breath a strain  
Of roses and of summer nights, and love.  
The gulls scream, circling round the tower tops,  
And then dip in a white curve to the blue  
That washes on the rocks below their nests.  
White drifts of cloud lie softly on the sky  
Like languid birds that float upon their wings.  
The swift white bird that furrowed up the waves  
Has fled to the horizon and is gone.

*Down this white road you saw one ride  
To death or victory.*

The warrior throng winds slowly along,  
Farther and farther away;

## WINDS OF REMEMBERING

The sunbeams glance on armor and lance,  
The pennants stream forth gay.  
The splendid martial music blows,  
And brave hearts leap at the name of foes,  
And the knights' good steeds step proud and free  
In time to the tune of victory.  
What form stands tall on the castle wall,  
Against the paling sky?  
Whose blown bright hair burns to glory where  
The gray grim tower looms high?  
The lady's clasped hands press her throat,  
Her pulses answer the bugle note;  
Her heart will beat for many a day  
To the step of the feet that went away.

*White-lipped you knelt to pray beside  
This dim oratory.*

Gray sky above, gray sea below,  
And gaunt gray winds that wailing go  
Like shuddering spectres, whispering  
An incommunicable thing.  
Within the mighty, mournful hall  
No red-sleeved ladies laugh and call;  
The unwatched embers drop to gray,  
And the hounds slink shivering away.  
The painted Rood in the recess  
Stands, a still sign of blessedness,

## WINDS OF REMEMBERING

And at its base, low murmuring,  
The lady droops with hands that cling.

*Naught but the centuries divide*

*The lives of you and me !*

— *Dorothy Firman, 1906.*

## IMMANENCE

THE sobbing of the winter sea,  
A child's wide eyes,  
A rosy-blowing springtide tree  
Gray autumn skies;  
My lady's step upon the stair,  
The evening star,  
A city's busy stir and glare,  
Blue hills afar;  
The vague, dim thoughts that surge and swell  
The human heart —  
In each and all one thing I spell —  
Dear God, thou art!

— *Dorothy Firman, 1906.*

## AFTER A SHOWER

THE shower is past, the sun breaks out again,  
And sets the road-sides sparkling with the rain.  
The road itself a long brown ribbon shines,  
And lures the eye with its retreating lines.  
The sleepy gossip of a meadow moon  
Comes woven with a little brook's low croon.  
In the hot midsummer day the cool of rain  
Is felt elusive as the scent of grain.  
Some bird flirts down a wee, belated shower;  
A bee flies laden from a kindly flower;  
The warm clean smells, breathed in at every pore,  
Lure back the gipsy to the road once more.

— *Esther Shaw, 1907.*

## MIDSUMMER NOON

I LEAVE the beckoning roadway with its trees,  
Whose dusky banks of layered foliage seem  
Like to that dryad-haunted spot which flees  
Before us, in some half-waking summer dream,  
To walk where scarce the memory of a sleeping  
breeze

Disturbs the odorous calm of field and stream;  
The country of enchantment this must be,  
An earth by some magician held in fee.

His magic spell is over all the land;  
The hot noon lies inert with heavy sleep  
Beneath the wizard's softly waving wand;  
His fragrant charms my soul in slumber steep  
And all my trancèd mind in mazy languor keep.  
The sky-filled brook hath half forgot to know  
Which web-spanned way its dreaming waters flow.

— *Esther Shaw*, 1907.

## THE COMING OF THE RAIN

MARIA'S tall, gaunt figure moved about the hot kitchen restlessly, untired, though the heat rose in waves from the dull red top of the stove and eddied dizzily out of the door, spreading over the flat stone that served as a step. Two cicadas disputed, unceasing, insistent, in the pear-tree beside the door, and, as Maria went out to lay some dish towels on the grass, the screen door squeaked and slammed behind her. Wasps were buzzing over the fallen and squashy pears, and she frowned at the mess they made on the gravel as she lifted her apron to wipe her moist forehead.

A hen cackled loudly and stepped proudly out of the henhouse. Maria's somber eyes brightened, and with a quick, furtive look back at the house she hurried over to the chicken-yard. Her long figure bent awkwardly into the low door, and she blinked in the sudden dark as she groped for the egg. She fairly gloated over it as she carried it tenderly back to the kitchen, and she spent a long time in the closet putting it away. You would have thought she was hiding it. You would have thought so more strongly had you seen her startled jump and quick exit when a querulous voice called her name. But she answered quietly enough, "Yes, mother."

## THE COMING OF THE RAIN

"Hurry up and help me get your father out on the porch!"

Maria went in the direction of the voice. The room she entered was shadowy and dim; in it her mother was fussing nervously around a wheel chair in which sat the bowed figure of a man. Maria grasped the handle of the chair and gently guided it down the hall.

"Will you open the door, mother?" she asked.

The older woman brushed past the chair and jerked the door open roughly, letting it slam noisily behind them. Maria took her father down the long veranda to a spot around the corner of the house where a group of tall old pines made a still coolness, and there she busied herself in quiet care for his comfort.

It was a grand figure of a man who sat there, his lion-like head bowed on his breast, his sightless eyes closed. The strong hands that lay on the arms of the chair were knotted with rheumatism and his face was lined with pain. Just now his mouth was drawn with the suffering caused by the moving, but, as he realized Maria's care, a smile of wonderful sweetness softened the sharp lines. Gently she fanned the heavy hair from his damp forehead and arranged his cushions comfortably. Her long, roughened fingers were marvelously skilful as they busied themselves about him, and there was a gentle sweetness in her voice that had not been there when she talked with her mother. And as she bent over him there was a fleeting little look

## THE COMING OF THE RAIN

on her plain, middle-aged face that made it very like his.

But the look fled quickly when she went back to the kitchen and met her mother entering from the outer door, her face flushed and cross.

"Where's that egg?" demanded Mrs. Wood.

Maria began to get her bread ready for the oven.

"What egg?" she asked impassively.

"The egg that hen laid a space ago. I heard her cackle."

"There has n't been an egg for two weeks."

"Maria Wood, I want that egg! You know I can't eat much, and I ain't had an egg for most a month, because you've taken the few we've had for your father. What's the use of wasting eggs on him when he can't rightly enjoy anything he eats? Maria, I want that egg!" She was almost whining now.

Maria said nothing, but calmly settled her bread in the pans and put them in the oven. Her mouth was stern and a red spot burned on either cheek. Her mother glared helplessly a moment and then flounced out of the room, muttering complaints as she went. Maria heard the front door banged and a heavy rocking-chair being dragged noisily down the piazza. She could see as plainly as if she had been there the sudden quiver of pain that passed through her father's body and the shadow that slipped over his face at his wife's approach. Her lips were a thin straight line as

## THE COMING OF THE RAIN

she heard her mother's complaining voice begin its daily monologue of all the small gossip and vexations of the village. With all the doors and windows open, she could hear plainly what was said on the veranda, and custom made the scene only too vivid and present. She could see the paralyzed strong man sitting there, helpless, unwilling to listen, yet always gentle and patient. Sometimes he gazed off into the pine branches he could not see, and the peace in his face showed that he heard nothing.

In the kitchen the stove was growing hotter, and the sun was growing hotter, and close by a man was cutting the grass. The locusts had forsaken dialogue for large choruses, and the hens were very noisy. As Maria worked on without a pause, you would have wondered how her face had ever looked like her father's. The strain was telling, and the rebellious complaint of her mother's discontented eyes and mouth was creeping over the daughter's face. She hardly knew what it was to be tired, this gaunt, tall woman, but something in her was beginning to give way.

Suddenly she sat down, weakly. A dry, helpless sob broke from her lips and she seemed crushed in her chair by a tremendous weight. But even as she gave up, she heard her father's voice as he spoke to her mother. She could not distinguish the words, but the calm, controlled tones, soft and quiet, brought back

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with a rush the thing she had lost, and she rose to her work with new determination.

When the boy, bringing a basket of pears from the garden, stumbled on the sill and sent them all flying, she stooped without a word of reproof to help him gather them up. As she straightened herself, red from the effort, she heard steps on the gravel, and a young girl came down the path, cool and sweet under her sunshade.

"Good-morning!" she cried, and Maria's answering greeting had a genuine welcome in it.

"Mother could n't come this morning, so she sent me."

"Father likes to hear you read. I'm glad you came."

"How is he to-day?"

"The pain's pretty bad. The heat makes him weak, and I guess nobody slept last night."

"I know. Was n't it awful? But we'll surely have some thunder soon and then things will be better. Where is he, around on the piazza?"

"Yes, where the pine trees are. He likes them, and it's coolest there."

Maria listened as she went around, and her eyes brightened at the quiet pleasure in her father's greeting. The rustling of the paper was soon followed by the even-toned voice that the old man loved to hear.

Suddenly the querulous tones of Mrs. Wood interrupted.

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"Has your mamma done any peaches yet?"

The trivial, irrelevant question opened the way, and Mrs. Wood clung tenaciously to the conversation. Catharine answered the volley of questions quietly and respectfully, but with evident distress growing in her voice, as she made fruitless attempts to resume the reading. Mrs. Wood was extremely interested in all Mrs. Townsend's domestic affairs, and, seeing that there was no way out of it, Catharine made as interesting and amusing as possible her mother's recent experience with one of the village girls. She addressed herself to Mr. Wood, while satisfying his wife's curiosity, and he chuckled delightedly at the spirited account.

She stopped at last with a dismayed exclamation.

"Oh, dear! I'm so sorry, but I have an engagement that I just can't break. I wish I could finish the paper, Mr. Wood. You were so interested in that article. But you'll read to him, won't you, Mrs. Wood? I know you read beautifully." Her tone was winning, and Mrs. Wood coughed importantly as she took the paper. She rustled it noisily as Catharine went away and coughed again.

"Shall I read, James?"

"If you would, Martha, and are not too tired," he answered gently.

So she read, creaking back and forth in her rocker and sniffing at the end of every other line. After a

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minute she threw down the paper, exclaiming that it was mail time and she was going to the store. Her husband said nothing.

From the kitchen Maria watched her mother saunter complacently up the street. Then she went out to her father. The sun had crept around so that it was not very cool any longer even by the pines, and he had slipped down uncomfortably among his cushions. A bit of his favorite heliotrope, which Catharine always brought him, was squeezed and crushed in his knotted fingers. His voice was feeble as he begged to be taken indoors, and the red spots burned again on Maria's cheeks as she complied with the request. She fixed him in bed as comfortably as was possible and brought him a cool drink of milk and egg. He tried obediently to drink it, but pushed away the glass after a swallow. There was nothing she could do, so Maria carried away the scarcely tasted drink, and, with a strange expression on her face, set it down on the kitchen table. When she cleared up the dishes caused by its preparation, she crushed to little bits the shell of the egg she had so carefully treasured.

The room was so hot in the sweltering noon blaze that everything seemed to sizzle and she had to gasp for breath.

It was time to get lunch, but she knew it would be a long time before her mother could tear herself away from the fascinating gossip of the store, and she could

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not bear the thought of food for herself. But she forced herself to swallow a morsel of bread and she drank a cup of steaming tea feverishly. Then she went back to her father and sat patiently fanning through all the long hours of the hot afternoon.

The steady heat sapped the invalid's strength visibly, and after a breathless night he was too weak to get up at all. A long August drought had begun and for days there was not a drop of rain. The grass turned slowly brown, and the insects grew noisier and noisier. All day the sky was an unvarying blue dazzle; at night it was filled with stars that seemed to pant. Mrs. Wood's discontent grew; with Maria she was sharp, and scolded, and, when sympathizing friends called to inquire for her husband, she was plaintive, with the air of a woman interestingly afflicted and unfortunate, and, folding her arms, creaked back and forth in her favorite rocker. Then her husband in his darkened room would set his teeth to control the nervous pain which shot through his body at every creak.

One morning, when her mother's complaining had been unusually long and irritating, Maria's quiet composure fled, and she flashed out a sharp reply. The sound of her own voice startled her, it was so like her mother's, and she stopped as suddenly as she had begun. That afternoon she heard the same tone in her voice when the grocer's boy made a careless mistake

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in the order. It frightened her, for it came more frequently as the hot, trying days went by, until it seemed like an evil spirit which she could not drive away. Only in her father's room did she feel secure from it.

Catharine went home after one of her morning visits and remarked to her mother how like Mrs. Wood Miss Maria was growing to look. Others noticed it, too, and some who had thought her like her father wondered that they had ever seen any resemblance. A few wondered casually if Miss Maria were going to break down, for though she could not possibly get any thinner, her face was growing to have a haggard look that was new to it.

Then the wells began to go dry, and the inexhaustible one owned by Mr. Wood was called on to supply an increasing number of the villagers. All day long the pump wailed as strange hands jerked it up and down and the birds flocked thirstily about the damp spot on the ground.

Every one was searching the sky for signs of rain, and the old men of the village were drawing upon their fancy for tales of past droughts. One afternoon puffy white clouds appeared low on the horizon; there was hopeful talk of thunder and relief; but the clouds disappeared long before the sun set in a round, red glow, and the night settled down heavy with oppressiveness.

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Things had gone wrong all day. The milk had soured, a horse had succumbed to the heat, and some of the preserves carefully put up in the early summer had spoiled and, bursting out of their jars, had scattered themselves odoriferously over the pantry shelves. Maria felt that she had reached the extreme limit of her endurance. In the afternoon there had been a long wrangle with her mother, after which, with a sick feeling at her heart, she had rushed through her work and fled desperately to the quiet security of her father's room.

When it grew dark she threw open the blinds, but there was no coolness in the night air and not a breeze was stirring. Pale flashes of heat lightning fitfully illuminated the room, lighting up the two still figures and the rhythmic, unceasing swaying of the great palm-leaf fan in Maria's hand. Countless insects filled the darkness with nervous noise, and somewhere in the direction of the village a phonograph was screaming shrilly. The noises seemed to Maria like the rasping of a file across her taut nerves. It had been only within the last week or two that the strong, gaunt woman had realized her possession of nerves, and she resented the knowledge, for it humiliated her. She was fighting inwardly an angry battle with those same nerves, and it did not help her much when a cat yowled woefully in the garden. Beside her the sick man lay in a stupor, worn and weak. In the next room

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his wife lay, tossing, but asleep. Maria stared into the dark and fanned.

Suddenly she held her breath, for she thought she heard a dim, distance-muffled roll of thunder. She prayed wordlessly, and after an interminable wait she heard a real rumble. The pines sighed with a soft stirring, and a tiny breath of coolness seemed to touch the air. Tears of relief started in Maria's eyes, and she silently gave thanks as the storm came slowly nearer. The flashes grew brighter and more frequent, disclosing the sick man's white face to Maria's watching eyes. Suddenly she was startled, so that she rose and made a light. Between two flashes a change had come over the worn face, and she realized, with a sudden clutch at her heart, that the relief had come too late. The strength which the long heat had been draining was almost gone, and it was going faster now.

Her first impulse was to call her mother, and she started from the room. But her father stirred and spoke softly. She came back quickly, thinking he wanted her, but he gave no heed to the controlled "Yes, father," which she spoke as calmly as if no choking lump were filling her throat. His hand moved feebly over the coverlet, as if seeking something, till she laid her own upon it. Then he smiled and seemed satisfied. When he spoke again, the daughter distinguished enough of the words to know

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that he thought he was speaking to his wife. He was speaking with the affectionate confidence which had not been in his voice for months, not since his misfortunes had withered the love which the shallow nature of Martha Wood held for him. Maria felt at her heart an almost physical pain, a pain she had known more than once in the past months.

It was her mother who was in the next room, tossing and muttering confusedly in her sleep; it was her father's wife, and that father was dying. Maria started again to get her, but she had not the strength to pull away from the feeble grasp that held her hand, and just then her mother, with sleepy crossness, exclaimed: —

“Oh, James, it's such a nuisance!”

Maria sat down by the bed, and she did not stir again till the slackened grasp of her father's hand told her that the life was gone from it. Then she slipped down on her knees, and with a soft rush in the pines the rain came down.

She felt very weak, with the relaxing of the strain, and the coolness of the air crept through her aching body like newly wakened life. With the soothing of her physical body she felt a new strength stilling her soul. It seemed as if something evil had been purged out of her. When, mingled with the odor of damp earth, she breathed the fragrance of the pine needles, she remembered her father's face as he had gazed,

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unseeing, into the green shadowed trees, and in her inmost heart she was glad.

A loud crash woke her mother, and she called querulously for Maria. Maria went with no feeling in her heart save a deep and tender pity. The peevish, childish fear of the storm which distressed Mrs. Wood had no longer any power to arouse vexation in the daughter, and she soothed with a wonderful patience the turbulent outburst of grief which her news occasioned.

When she finally had seen the older woman asleep, she went to her room and lay down on the bed. She was inexpressibly tired, but the weariness was all in her body, and somehow a great restfulness had come upon her soul, so that gradually the gentle persistence of the rain lulled her to sleep.

When she went to the door in the morning and stood breathing deeply of the early freshness of the cool air, for the first time in weeks she felt some vigor in the beginning of a new day. The rain still glistened on the wet grass, and the birds splashed in the little pools. The sweet-pea hedge had blossomed newly in a sunrise of pink loveliness, and, when Maria detected the sweetness of the heliotrope bed in the corner, she smiled. When she smiled, her face was very like her father's.

The look lingered while she busied herself with the regular routine of the morning work, until it changed

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oddly when, above the chattering of the birds and the clucking of the chickens, she heard again the happy cackle of the self-satisfied hen. Very slowly she went out to get the egg, and she came back with it slowly. Then she carefully prepared a dainty breakfast on a tray and took it up to her mother. The egg was part of the breakfast.

When she entered the room, Mrs. Wood stirred and opened her eyes, heavy with sleep. A startled look came into them for a moment and she exclaimed:—

“Land sakes! You looked enough like your father to scare the living senses out of me!”

Then full consciousness began to come to her, and she whimpered, while Maria patiently mothered her.

— *Mabel F. Briggs, 1910.*

## THE WILLOW

IN silver sheen on vivid green  
The sunlight on its leaves is seen,  
An elfin tree for mortal een, —  
The willow!

The spring wind stirs its lissome leaves  
And my fond pagan heart it grieves  
That no one now but me believes  
In dryads!

Think what a sunny shimmering face,  
What slender, swaying, vibrant grace,  
In that green life it might embrace, —  
The willow!

— *Esther Shaw, 1907.*

## TO A GRECIAN GRAVE RELIEF

I WONDER, did you guess, you sitting there  
A woman grown, so gracious, tranquil, fair,  
You with your jewels that you still caress  
As though all loath to leave their loveliness,  
That you would soon those pearls nor hold nor wear,  
I wonder, did you guess?

Your little slave, who waiting stands to bear  
Your gems away — that she, all unaware,  
Should be the Spoiler's symbol none the less,  
I wonder, did you guess?

That you must leave the golden upper air,  
Soon to the underworld's vague meadows fare,  
Death yet conceding with strange tenderness  
To you, of jeweled hours the shepherdess,  
A passing fragrant-sad beyond compare,  
I wonder, did you guess?

— *Mary E. Jenness, 1908.*

## TO HELEN

*(Translated from Ronsard)*

WHEN you are very old, some eve, at candle-time,  
By fireside seated, spinning the light away,  
Then you will croon my lines, and musing say,  
"Ronsard did sing my long-forgotten prime."  
Your very maid with memory will chime,  
For though half-drowsing at her task she stay,  
Yet Ronsard's name shall bring to her his lay,  
Gracing your name with his immortal rhyme.  
I shall be underground, a voiceless wraith,  
Beneath the laurel shades, mute then in death;  
And you, so crouching by the dying fire,  
You will regret my love, and your disdain.  
Ah, love me now, nor till the morn remain!  
Enjoy to-day love's roses of desire!

— *Mary E. Jenness, 1908.*

## **“WHAT DOST THOU SEE?”**

**I SAW the angel of the gift of song.**

**Bearing the coal of immortality,**

**He touched the lips of singers yet to be,**

**And, guiding me among the new-devoted throng,**

**He said, “Hear thou what these shall do!” And then**

**To one, “What seest thou?” The singer told**

**Of ancient queens and smoke of battles old,**

**And of the old, lost wisdom, far beyond our ken.**

**“What dost thou see?” Again the angel spake.**

**And answered strong another of the band,**

**“I sing the power of what mighty hand**

**Shall grandly shock our all too drowsing world  
awake!”**

**Then yet a third the angel answering:**

**“Such power, old or new, I may not know,**

**Yet do I serve a mighty queen. For, lo!**

**I serve white Beauty; therefore, master, do I sing.”**

**“I know my word is slight, my brothers! I**

**Serve neither queen nor king, nor may be true**

**To Beauty lasting, power old or new.**

**I sing the little lovely things that pass and die.”**

**“WHAT DOST THOU SEE?”**

**To him the angel: “Such, then, dost thou see?**

**None has thy work among the fire-lipped throng**

**Save thee. All songs are equal, being song,**

**And wert thou mute we lost one song; and with it  
thee.”**

**—*Mary E. Jenness, 1908.***

## THE WORD OF DIAN

ONCE, ages past, there lived a man who knew  
The spirits of the wind and wood and wave:  
Felt in the breeze a wandering caress  
From some cool-fingered presence, passing on;  
Knew in the tree's heart, shapely Dryads hid —  
Dryads, with eyes wood-dusky, and massed hair  
Like reddened shadows curving under pines,  
Late-warmed by the sun's far farewell ray; their flesh  
Was as the tinted woodland flowers he loved.  
And in the liquid lilt of glinting brook  
Over white sands its sunlit ripples tossing,  
He saw the young, and laughing river-children.  
But when it pleased the gods that he should die,  
Came Dian, in the first dread whiteness of stern dawn.  
Grave Dian, huntress over morning hills.  
Most unlike them, children of wave and wood,  
Who, startled, dart like wind-rushed leaves away!  
Far-eyed, serene, the eternal goddess stands,  
In silence. And he knew then at the last,  
That Truth is like the enduring noble sun,  
And all he loved, but as the wavering maze  
Of sun and shadow, sifted through quick leaves;  
Only a mocking, fitful, errant light,

## THE WORD OF DIAN

Glancing fantastic over braided waters.  
But, for men look not on the gods and live,  
There is no word of his, concerning Truth.

— *Mary E. Jenness, 1908.*

## “MY SANCTUARY”

FAR in a leaf-loved, summer-circled place  
That nature built for worshipers apart,  
Where little lights the timid shadows chase  
And sudden bird-calls through the silence start,  
My sanctuary is; life's weary mart  
Grows dim and distant dreaming on thy face,  
Far in a leaf-loved, summer-circled place,  
That nature built for worshipers apart.

Thou dwellest there in gentleness and grace,  
Who through all change in spirit changeless art;  
And I, turned neophyte a little space,  
Yield reverently the homage of my heart,  
Far in a leaf-loved, summer-circled place  
That nature built for worshipers apart.

—*Ethelwyn Dithridge, 1908.*

## THE SOUL OF ELLEN JOYCE

TIM, old Ellen's cat, leaped upon the bed, and the doctor brushed him roughly off. The nurse from the settlement house wondered whether the stifling closeness of the tenement accounted for the doctor's irritation, or if he, too, felt a painful contrast between the sleek, luxurious creature and its surroundings. Little Miss Cresswell had not been a nurse long and she was still impressionable.

"It's too pitiful," she sighed, half aloud. "Too dreadful."

She turned from the doctor and his patient to examine the tenement more closely.

The time was scarcely afternoon, but the sun of the North End, piercing through many tall buildings, gave only a dim, yellow light. She could barely distinguish an oil lamp on a cheap, scratched table, a dilapidated stove behind which Ellen's sister crouched brokenly, and one chair. The room was in perfect order, but strangely enough the fact seemed only to intensify its meagerness. Tim's presence added the last grim figure in this drama of poverty. That the owner of such a room should persist in keeping a cat furnished another example of the unpractical nature, the eternal inefficiency of the poor.

## THE SOUL OF ELLEN JOYCE

From her survey Miss Cresswell felt her eyes drawn back to the bed. One beam of direct sunlight from the high window lay across it and showed Ellen's face, tiny and elfish in the midst of the white expanse. Dampness had curled the scant gray hair into baby ringlets about her forehead, the vague blue eyes had the look of childhood — it was the childhood of failing powers, not of budding strength. Only one part of old Ellen's body seemed alive, her fingers, which moved constantly, now tightening, now relaxing. The seal of paralysis lay upon the rest of her shrunken body and her quiet lips.

Tim crept to the bed again, and caught at a thread dangling from the coverlet. He pulled until something slipped from under the pillow. It was a bit of crocheted lace, of exquisite delicacy, the task which the weak fingers had been forced to relinquish. The girl pointed to the work bitterly.

"Look," she said in an awed tone, "look, she is finishing it."

"What a sad, what a dreadful life," she went on, her voice vibrant with sympathy. "Think! She has slaved for people always, always with no existence of her own, no joy, nothing to look forward to. Two dollars for a collar like that and it takes almost a week to make! And she has helped support her sister for years and a crippled brother-in-law, too. Now that she's worn out her eyes and her soul for

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them, she has to die! To die without ever having lived!"

The doctor looked up in kindly surprise as he rose to go. He spoke with experience's gentle authority.

"I see what you mean, but I don't know that I agree with you. Monotonous lives are not necessarily unhappy ones."

. . . . .  
On the topmost of the three steps leading to the same tenement, Ann Ryan, Ellen's widowed sister, sat crocheting. She had slipped away from the sickroom, from the little vacant face, from the trim nurse who moved sympathetically. She tried to interest herself in the foreign life of the busy street. Up and down at her feet it surged, Jewish, Armenian, or Greek, but ever alien, vivid, appealing. Half-naked babies rolled on the narrow walk, or staggered courageously toward the curb; one of them tottered and saved himself by catching at Ann's skirt. A group of Italian women returned from market, their arms full of round, golden loaves. They chattered placidly, but, on occasion, their soft eyes could flash fire swift as that of their husband's stilettos. Shrill as locust cries through the heat came the voices of boy venders, plying their tiny trade in thin watermelon slices for the children, "polly seed" for the parrots.

"A sad life, a dreadful life," Ann repeated slowly,

## THE SOUL OF ELLEN JOYCE

looking straight past the dirty, robust urchins at her feet. "A sad life, no joy, no joy —"

For the first time in the year since she had come to live with her aging sister, Ann had lost her quick Celtic interest in the changing pageant. No face existed for her but the drawn one on the pillow, while the nurse's words rang wildly through her brain. In the dark corner of the room she had heard all, unseen, and now she was bracing trembling shoulders against the doorpost and trying to deaden sorrow in the intricacies of her work.

But fast as her fingers flew, she could not forget. She had spent all her days in loving and doing, but to-night she thought, thought, thought, puzzling over the mystery of her sister's soul. It was not the future which she feared for Ellen, — Ann had stood too close to death for that, — it was the past. She could not bear to connect sorrow with Ellen, the sister whom she adored.

"Sure and I'd have said 't was me who was sad," Ann thought. Ellen had been in America, the land of gold, able, now and then, to send back money to her struggling sister. She had not endured the rigors of the poor cottage, nor had it been her lot to "bury her three" and to see an ailing husband waste slowly away.

The light was fading. Ann moved to the lowest step and bent more closely over her work, picking out the

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pattern laboriously. Used to hard outdoor labor, the minute problems of the lace irked her. Ellen, on the contrary, loved them, and the web under her fingers became a magic thing hinting of bird and flower as a frost etching recalls the vanished summer. Her one ambition had been to rent a room where she might give her whole time to the work, and she had attained it.

Evening was coming on. Clara Slovinsky, of the tenement above, returning gayly from a "peekneek" under the charge of "the teacher," greeted her with a cheerful though unheeded "Hello." The darkness which had long shrouded the tenement now spread its shadows through the narrow street. An imperious velvet paw brushed Ann's hand in warning. Tim knew the supper hour. Ann rose and went in weakly, with the cat following her.

The nurse was still in the room.

"Here is the medicine, Mrs. Ryan, on this side of the table. Give your sister a teaspoonful before you go to bed," Miss Cresswell directed as she put on her hat and gloves preparing to leave for the night. "You are n't afraid, are you? There won't be any change, dear, the doctor thinks, for hours. If you want me, you know, you have only to send Jacob Slovinsky over to the settlement house and I'll be here in ten minutes."

When she had gone out, Ann crossed the room

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mechanically and drew from a dark cupboard a loaf of bread and a little milk in a pitcher, — the cat's supper and hers.

"Tim! Tim!" brought him beside her to purr between laps of the milk in his shallow saucer and to rub gayly against her. How proudly Ellen used to tell of his coming, a little sick creature crawling to her door one biting night, when he was no longer than her crochet needle!

Ann rose abruptly, poured her share of the milk into Tim's, and flung herself sobbing beside her sister.

. . . . .  
It was late that night before she slept. Ellen lay in the stillness more terrifying than the delirium of fever, but, beside her, Ann tossed, counting the hours. Gradually the lights of the city faded. At last the lanterns on the settlement house roof-garden were extinguished. Passing had almost ceased. The street was quiet as a country lane, an Irish lane.

Where had she felt that touch of saltiness in the air before? The wind had veered in sudden fashion and blew from the harbor, a mighty breath of freshness and balm. Ann sat up in bed with a spring. She was in a narrow lane again, just where it turned to a white thread across the twilight downs. Michael had overtaken her on the way home from the butter market and was asking her to marry him.

## THE SOUL OF ELLEN JOYCE

"Is it sure ye are that ye be after liking me, Michael?" she demurred.

"Sure? Sure, my colleen." His strong voice broke.

The sea was too far away for sound, but the white mist bore its infinite longing. It pulsed through Michael's faltering words, and leaped in her answering heart.

In her joy there mingled a note of surprise that he loved her, — Ann, with her red hands, rough face, and the tawny streaks which the sun had burned in her hair as she stooped in the potato-fields. How could he help loving Ellen, who moved like a queen? No wind ever roughened her fair skin. Ann had noticed that morning long ago, with a younger sister's admiration, how pretty Ellen's hands were as they packed the butter. White as May blossoms she had called them, and the eyes of fairy blue.

So Michael and she were married, and Ellen left for America. Strange that she had gone so soon. For the first time in forty years a suspicion kindled in Ann's mind. Glowing in her excited brain, it blazed to a gigantic light by which she sought to read the riddle of her sister's life. So Ellen had loved Michael, too, — nobody could help loving Michael, — and she had never told. Ellen was so good! No wonder the years had been sad with that secret pain at the heart, and it was her fault, Ann's fault!

"Ellen!" she called: "Ellen!"

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No answer. The wind increased to a gale and she shivered with a sudden consciousness of the cold. An utter weariness seized her. It was all a nightmare which she must try to shake off, she told herself. Michael was dead, the boys were dead. Ellen and she were old, old women together. It was all the same. But even as she spoke, she seemed looking into the sunny eyes of little Michael, the child who had lived the longest. It was not the same — it could never be the same. She had entered a land of which Ellen had only dreamed.

The next day Ann opened her eyes, a criminal self-accused. She knew herself for the usurper, the thief of her sister's happiness. Cowering through the long hours of the night she had cried aloud to Ellen for one word of forgiveness — in vain. She had prayed to God to unseal the lips, if only for one word to pass them. No voice had answered.

Though she could never be well, Ellen lingered on. The nurse came twice a day, but for the rest the sisters were alone. The hours by the bed were a torture to Ann, as she watched the expressionless eyes that had been so bright. She tempted her sister with many things, hoping for some syllable from the quiet lips.

"The flower, the pretty flower! See, sister, what the darlin' has brought you," she urged while Clara Slovinsky stood statuelike by the bedside, tendering

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a stray rose, crushed by rude feet on the pavement, but fragrant still.

The eyes kept their vacant look.

Sometimes it seemed to Ann that they tried to follow Tim, but she herself was growing unstrung and the appearance might have been a fancy.

The silence was a palpable thing, bearing her down, crushing her. Trembling under the load of it, Ann's mind evolved a greater horror. Before she died, Ellen would speak again, and the words, perhaps only the one word "Michael," would be her sister's sentence, prove Ann's guilt. And after that? Ann could think no farther.

From the moment when the thought became a conviction, she knew no rest, she redoubled her watching. All day she gazed at the silent lips. In the night she awakened twenty times, fearing lest they had spoken.

Sometimes in the strain of mind and heart she caught herself wishing that the worst might happen at once, longing that Ellen might die. When she realized what she was doing, the second weight of self-hatred was greater than the first.

. . . . .  
The room was crowded with spectators, for Ellen Joyce was dying at last. Births were of common occurrence in the tenement world, but a death was of more importance. Still, the curiosity was tinged with

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sympathy, for many were neighbors. Clara Slovin-sky stared with round eyes, but something in the atmosphere frightened her, and she hid her face baby-wise in her mother's gown. Mrs. Slovin-sky gesticulated with Jewish vigor, while pity struggled with the importance in her voice.

"She ain't spoke for eleven days," she told the assembly.

Through the circle of faces Miss Cresswell caught the anguish in Ann's and crossed the room.

"Don't feel so badly, dear," she said, putting her arms gently on the heaving shoulders. "It is so much better for your sister to go! She will be so happy there!"

Ann's old face worked.

"Ye don't understand, darlin', ye don't understand."

The crowd by the door parted for the doctor to hurry in.

"Back," he cried; "give her more air."

The spectators, all but Ann, retreated to a subdued group around the old stove. The doctor's watch could be clearly heard as he bent over the sick woman's pulse.

But another sound, a scratching, broke the tenseness of the room. By Ann, with eyes fixed on her sister's face and heart keyed to endure the unbearable, Tim's coming was scarcely noticed.

## THE SOUL OF ELLEN JOYCE

With all the beauty of feline grace and a human eagerness he bounded across the room and sprang to the bed, arching his silky back. He purred, rubbing gently against Ellen's thin hand. Then for Ann a miracle happened, for Ellen half raised herself from the bed and a wonderful light came into her shrunken face and shone from the soft blue eyes. It illuminated her quiet soul, and showed it no longer empty or bitter, but glorious, transfigured.

Love, the quest, may choose strange guides to the soul's threshold. While the little face fell back on the pillow, the fingers closed convulsively on the soft fur, and the voice when it came had a buoyant, caressing melody.

"Ann, me darlin', Ann, don't forget to feed Tim."

— *Anna I. Miller, 1909.*

## A HINDU MOTHER'S LULLABY

HUSH, the bulbul's song is dying,

Little one.

See, the crescent moon is lying

In his soft, white, downy bed,

Little one, little one.

Sweet winds are the blossoms sending,

Little one.

Sweet as breath of angels bending

Round thy soft, white, downy bed,

Little one, little one.

Sleep then, Sweetling. What can harm thee,

Little one?

Mother's arms from danger charm thee,

Slumbering on thy downy bed,

Little one, little one.

— *Dora Maya Das, 1909.*

## SHALAMAR

O SHALAMAR, thou quiet Shalamar,  
Close from thy feet the plains stretch out afar  
To the distant trees; the creaking *guda* creeps  
Up to thy gates; the drowsy traveler sleeps  
Beneath thy shade. Through winding mango groves  
The peacock seeks his mate, and shrieks his loves  
To thy echoing walls. Here is a resting place.  
There the cool, fountained waters interlace.  
Spirits of kings and queens of long ago  
Through the silent, shady walks pass to and fro;  
Out on the plains four hundred years have swept  
And gone; within, four hundred years have slept,  
And sleep — aye, sleep on still in Shalamar,  
Where from the walls the plains stretch out afar.

— *Dora Maya Das, 1909.*

## SONG OF TREES

### I

AH me! the nymphs of Greece are dead.  
Their slender bodies slip no more  
Through flowery meads of white or red,  
Nor sport with waves upon the shore.

Thy hand to the oak-tree's sturdy side!  
Feel it thrill beneath thy finger-tips!  
'T is the oak-tree's darling dryad bride,  
With the laugh of the spring on her lips.  
She slips from out thy doubting grasp.  
The lady of the oak,  
Light as air, and swift of flight,  
Joys in her whimsic fairy might,  
Swings on the leaflets with sun-warmth bright,  
Coquets with the violets sweet and white  
That hide in the velvet bank.

### II

Ah me! the charm of eld is past  
With knighthood and the court of love.  
In vain our striving to recast,  
Yet no red planet flames above.

Pillow thy head on the fine-spun grass  
Under the locust-tree.

## SONG OF TREES

What is that song, dim as a mass,  
That floateth down to thee?  
'T is a gentle lady singing  
In her castle nigh,  
Waiting for her own knight lover  
To come pricking by.  
Over land and sea he's wending,  
True-love messages she's sending.  
Fragile, fragrant all around thee,  
Look, the blossoms lie!

— *Anna I. Miller, 1909.*

## THE MARSHES

BETWEEN the dun sea-grass the river winds,  
Slender and silvered 'neath the quiet hills;  
The sun is low, and now its warm light thrills,  
With faintest rose, to beauty all it finds.

Beyond the bar the ocean's voices beat —  
The mighty searchings of its ceaseless heart.  
Low heard, its longings seem but to impart  
A fuller stillness to this far retreat.

Not gifted with exultant voice to ring,  
The languid waves scarce whisper on the shore  
And yet in crimson flame-points more and more  
They paint the evensong they cannot sing.

The glory wanes, a heron from the sands,  
In outline dim, against the twilight bay,  
Sees earth and heaven pass in dusk away.  
Content, in utter, desolate peace he stands.

— *Anna I. Miller, 1909.*

## TABULA BLANDULA

THE broad, comfortable table that fills the whole corner of my room is much older than I, in spite of its youthful collegiate air, and I can remember it from my very first years. It was a nursery table then, a conversion not the least of the changes that we five children have brought. I can see exactly how it looked in the parsonage study before it was needed in the nursery. I know how the great bronze inkstand stood dustily among the piles of tattered papers and how a pile of London *Spectators* was on the nearest corner. That was before we were cutting off ha'penny stamps to paste them carefully in scrapbooks improvised from old congressional reports, and when the "indignant protests of a retired Kentish gentleman" were not yet read by our wondering eyes. I know, too, how the dog-eared, little, old "Harper's Horace," that father had in college, came tumbling out when one rummaged among the papers and how it had a skeleton and a schoolboy rhyme on the fly-leaf.

Cano carmen sixpence  
A corbis plena rye  
Multas aves atras  
Percoctas in a pie.

## TABULA BLANDULA

Ubi pie apertus  
Tum canit avium grex  
Eratne hoc a bonum dish  
Ponere ante rex?

There was a volume of Rousseau somewhere in the wilderness of manuscript, too, and a pile of new books on sociology and ethics, a Tennyson always, a Thucydides, and a fat, little Greek Testament that was the wonder of my life.

Before long, however, the drawers exchanged their piles of sermons and pamphlets for paper dolls and instructive games. The green leather top was kept shining and bare for block-house building and early tea, and the corners were beginning to be dulled already with much contact with the wall. I can feel the dent still where I angrily whacked with a stone block once when Delia called me to be washed; and I know just where is the row of holes I punched with the knitting needles poor Aunt Agnes tried to teach me to use. There is a long crack, too, that was always fascinatingly full of pins except on that one Sunday afternoon when I tore up the sheet of my Catechism that defined "Effectual Calling," and systematically poked it in for stuffing.

Around the same nursery table we sat in the winter evenings and sewed and played games till bed, checkers and word-games by the hour with the gentle aunt who stayed writing in her room all day, and long

## TABULA BLANDULA

guessing games with mother, after the baby was asleep. At one end of the table one of the aunts sat in her wheel chair. I remember thinking how lovely she looked while she told us one morning of the new little brother who had come in the night and gone away again directly.

One side of the table was always mother's. She sat there every evening in the high, curving rocking-chair that had been great-grandmother Payson's and read scraps from the newspaper after her long day. I can remember looking across the light and watching the delicate shadows that her beautiful hair made on her neck and the fine, clear lines of her profile. I can remember nothing more beautiful from a nearly perfect childhood, than the lingering, half-sleeping consciousness that she was leaning over me as I lay in bed, her head and arms clear against the lighted doorway and her hair brushing my face as she kissed me good-night.

Around the same table we five all sat whole afternoons in Christmas week, stuffing dates and rolling fat, misshapen pink candies. Some of them went into tissue paper wrappers and were hung on the tree, that all this time stood waiting in the corner, and some on broad platters to the shelves of the sideboard, where they diminished rapidly and not only at proper meal times. At the very end of the holidays one year there was one single date left.

"That shall be Emeline's," said Miss Burton to me

## TABULA BLANDULA

dictatorially. (I hated her, small as I was, for I could see Froebel behind her every action.) I said nothing, but eyed the date as it reposed on a butter-plate until the time should bring well-behaved Emeline's next legitimate opportunity. When she went for her date, however, there was only an ordinary, stale, pink wintergreen sitting there. Why I troubled to substitute, I do not know. It deceived no one, not even myself, and I had not even the satisfaction of getting a round scolding. It was too mean to talk about, mother said.

On Sunday afternoons the poor old table had its most trying times. Under it the boys and the baby built the temple in stone for perhaps the ninety-fifth time and above them Emeline carefully extra-illustrated her "Pilgrim's Progress," or illuminated a Bible scrapbook in watercolor. I, however, sat always in one particular corner most of the afternoon, learning the catechism for my sins. For me it had little of the lure that the boys' name gave it, in spite of the reward that always came after. No amount of "candy-chism" would ever atone to me for the pains of learning of "Sanctification, Justification, and Adoption." I wished then for anything that would make me grow up, that would make me old enough to do and to read the things that seemed so tempting and far away.

When I was a little older, I sat up later with the grown people. I can remember the evening stillness

## TABULA BLANDULA

that was broken only by the ticking of Emeline's cuckoo clock or the cold stir and bustle of out-of-doors that came in when father brought the evening mail. I forgot then that it was not so very long before that I was playing Indian myself beneath the sturdy legs of the table, or teaching the younger children how properly to make bread pills and to administer them through the worsted nose of old Billy or rubber Polly-Dolly's broken ear.

But to-night I would give anything to be pasting kittens into a pink cambric scrapbook or painting dresses that a scrap of beeswax should hold to shapely paper shoulders. My old table looks smug and tiresome. The Wordsworth and Spenser are complacent, and the unfinished Trollope dull. Even the Oxford book of verse is unattractive, and my calendar pedantic and dictatorial. The drop-light hisses tiresomely, and I wish for the old, nickel lamp, though it never burned without a jerky flare and a vicious attempt at smoking. If I could only tear off the cover, tumble the books in a heap and sit by the old, green, leather top, I am firmly believing that I should be exactly the same child again that banged the old drawers in and out. But I do not move. The Globe editions smirk securely at me, and the drop-light keeps on hissing. I cannot help it. I have grown up and not all the paper dolls I ever had can make me small again.

— *Elizabeth Porter, 1909.*

## SONG

*I crushed the love I held in my hand;  
I sought for a greater prize;  
But when I had crushed it, then I found  
That true love was in her eyes.*

THE cowslips in the valley seemed small and spare;  
The violets were dim; the buttercups  
Glowed with a faint, pale gold.  
Upon the hillside, far afield, the flowers  
Bloomed with a brighter light; the violets deep-  
ened  
The purple hills; the bluets mirrored the sky;  
The columbine burned a flame. I followed the  
lure  
Of distant fields. I wanted the richer blooms.  
No charms to hold me had those at my feet, no  
charms.  
On I hurried and crushed them underfoot;  
On I hurried to the farther hill;  
But there I found the flowers not so bright;  
Smaller they were and not so fine,  
And quick the evening shadows folded round;  
Too late it was to pluck the first scorned flowers  
And home I went with empty hands.

## SONG

*I crushed the love I held in my hand;  
I sought for a greater prize;  
But when I had crushed it, then I found  
That true love was in her eyes.*

—Kathleen Nealon, 1909.

## ENDICOTT AND I GO FISHING

ENDICOTT and I fully realize the discrepancy between our manner of taking a fishing trip, and all the instinctive tendencies of well-ordered couples. We are not artistic about it. We are not even interestingly erratic. We have no startling theories to chase to a satisfactory Q. E. D., nor any quarrel with the habits of other fishermen. We frankly admire the fine art of Henry van Dyke's masterly fishing of "Little Rivers," with his dancing flies and his magic rods; we have also read with chuckling appreciation Bliss Perry's exposition of the crackling-underbrush-and-hip-rubber-boots-delights of "fishing with a worm." We are neither skillful like Van Dyke, nor as fearlessly close to nature as Mr. Perry. We violate, moreover, the cardinal rule of fishermen. It is well known that the unexpected lure of watery spring sunlight, suggestive of pussy willows and red-winged black-birds, or perhaps the chance sound of a bluebird's distant warble in the soft rain of an April morning, should be the proper motive force which should put into the fisher-heart an irresistible craving for the trout run, and should constrain him to drop all engagements to wander through dandelion lanes to cowslip-covered tussocks in some far cranberry bog. In the face of this

## ENDICOTT AND I GO FISHING

tradition, settled, middle-aged couple that we are, we arrange our fishing trips beforehand. Judge Endicott Avery plans not more carefully for his Short Calendar nor I more systematically for my best dinner party than we both together settle the details of our day at the farm.

Therefore, when the six o'clock sunlight brightened the dewdrops on the rambler rose outside our dining-room window one glorious July morning, we had no adventuresome thrill at the thought of duties to be deserted as we accepted the parting attentions of our children. The family lunch basket, knobby with tin cups and sandwiches, was ready. Our six-quart pail and our frying-pan leaned sociably against the front doorstep. Our eldest son laid near them a pile of crisp kindling-wood — Endicott and I have had experience with impromptu twigs and bark which ought to be inflammable — and our small boy added a large tin box labeled "Medium Screws," chivalrously resisting the temptation to give it more than one small suggestive shake for the benefit of his sisters.

Endicott and I are ponderous. We both dislike to say fat, because there are so many such delightful words to express our figures: for instance, massive or impressive for Endicott, and matronly or stately for me. Frankly, however, I doubt whether these adjectives would have occurred to an unimpassioned observer who had seen us, arrayed for our trip, ascend-

## ENDICOTT AND I GO FISHING

ing the all too lofty step of the two-seated carriage which was to take us to the old farm. Not that Endicott and I cannot ride in a one-seated vehicle together. But with our kindling-wood, our lunch basket, our frying-pan and our six-quart pail, our shawls and our hammock, our block of ice, my tackle and the "medium screws," we were more comfortable each with a seat alone.

So we started out, with our cheerfully rattling cargo, leaving our sons and daughters appreciative spectators on the front doorstep. Endicott insisted on driving. He dislikes to drive, and I can never relax my spinal column while he holds the reins. Moreover, I myself delight in driving and he feels happy and secure in my horsemanship. But Endicott has sometimes an ignoble regard for appearances — within city limits. Alone by ourselves, we do as we will, contrary as our customs are to all recognized codes of manly chivalry and feminine helplessness. We have tried family fishing parties. But the atmosphere is ruined. Endicott feels that he must play the part of gallant spouse and genial patriarch when the children are by, and the girls expect me to be a gracious out-of-door Ceres, aloof and artistic; and Ceres, forsooth, may not bail out a boat.

We stopped at the fish market on the way, and Endicott tucked a cool, soft package of bluefish carefully against our ice before we started again. This

## ENDICOTT AND I GO FISHING

business was performed in impressive silence. I have learned to ignore the bluefish part of our trips. It always seems to me the most flagrant incident of our program, — until lunch time. On our journey we talked a little. Alone with each other! — we almost felt obliged to be entertaining. We spoke of the excellent day; of our parting instructions to household and stenographers; of the children and the town meeting. And Endicott related anecdotes.

But once at the old beaver lake, where the twisted orchard trees had dropped their little green apples into the water where they bobbed up and down in the ripples, — when we found the hammock hooks still in the trees where we had left them, and the old flat-bottomed boat full of the water of many rains, — then Endicott and I became frankly ourselves, irresponsible and unembarrassed.

“Let me bail out the boat for you this time,” said Endicott, turning as he stood halfway up the orchard slope with his arms full of hammock and shawls. His attitude expressed genuine readiness to drop every preference together with his burden and rush to the pumps without delay. The best part of an independent feeling is to know that at any moment one may resort to the clinging-vine attitude and find a worthy support at hand whereon to twine. The advantages of the married state are summed up for me in my sensation when Endicott offers to bail out my boat.

## ENDICOTT AND I GO FISHING

But no such sentimental element was in my air as I moored my craft beside the nearest clump of blue flags and perched firmly upon the highest seat with my pail and my sponge. The ambition of dipping up the Atlantic with a teacup is rendered somehow small and unworthy by its obvious futility, while in the case of that boat, there seemed to be nearly as much in it to conquer, but it had been emptied before, and there was the joy of the last muddy spongeful to look forward to. So, crouched with skillfully upgathered skirts in the prow of my boat, I dipped and dipped, while the bright splash of the water over the boat-side stirred up the twinkling school of minnows in the sun. A shrike-poke flapped over and settled in the cat-tails, and a kingfisher perched watchfully on the shad-bush by the dam. Obviously a poor fishing day, thought the kingfisher and I, with quizzical glances at each other, but he still swung on his silver-green bough, and I whole-heartedly mopped out the last puddles, jointed my rod, unreeled my line, and provided my hook with a well-chosen medium screw.

I could see Endicott twisting in the hammock to watch me row across the pond, and I feathered my strokes as well as the stiff, wooden oar locks would allow, because Endicott — scrape went the bottom of the boat! A settled feeling as the crumbling stump whereon I was moored gave way a little to let the

## ENDICOTT AND I GO FISHING

boat's beams sink comfortably into it, a futile lashing of the waves when I tried to push myself off by backing water, or to progress by straight rowing — no use! I must pole. I poled. The dizzy sweep of my boat as I gave the muddy ground a vigorous push with my brandished oar told me I was free, and I sat down to row again. My anchorage was as fast as ever. I must pole on the other side. I poled. I poled until I felt that my merry-go-round must have dizzied all my fishes to docility. Around and around I could go with ease; any tangent to the circle was impossible. There are times when solid foundations beneath one's feet are exasperating instead of reassuring.

I knew that Endicott was watching. He has reached that point of perfect manners when he stands firmly with his back against such stone walls as I may wish to climb, forming of himself a disinterested and most convenient post for me to snatch at if I need to, keeping the while a dreamily appreciative gaze on far landscapes. He talks to the horse while I climb into carriages. He did not watch me bail out the boat. But a double time of service would be necessary to make any easeful husband forego the pleasure of seeing his erstwhile blithesome *Frau* a-swing upon a stump in a pond. I had almost decided to begin to fish, thus giving him the impression that I had been circulating to get my bearings and to locate the best

## ENDICOTT AND I GO FISHING

fishing-holes, when I saw Endicott rise from his hammock. Ordinarily I do not watch his exit from hammocks, though it is a notable sight. I think few of the youngest lawyers could stand in awe of Judge Avery's person upon such occasions. Down to the verge he came, a modern Bedivere. Was he planning to swim out to my rescue?

"Ship ahoy!" he called between his hands. His side whiskers, I knew, were a-bristle with enjoyment of the subtle humor of this remark. I responded rather coolly by that feminine salutation which my daughters call a "hoo-hoo."

"Say! Why do you sit on the stump?" he inquired impersonally, in carefully separated syllables.

"Can't move," I shouted, in my most carrying woman's club voice.

"Get into the end of the boat! You're sitting *on* the *stump*," he roared.

Almost I decided to remain where I was and fish with dignity, and to move perhaps by degrees my one hundred and eighty pounds of ballast away from the center of gravity of my scow. But the obvious logic of the situation was too beautiful to be so disregarded. I stepped into the stern. With disconcerting suddenness my shallop plunged, swung about, and floated lightly though unevenly upon the waves once more. I balanced back to my rowing-bench and paddled toward my favorite fishing-cove. The white birches

## ENDICOTT AND I GO FISHING

flickered in the quiet water while I trailed my hook idly over the edge of the boat. Small, radiant sun-fish came by twos and threes and floated, round-eyed, near the bait, which I twitched away from their comical mouths, and waited for a pout or a pickerel.

One might as well long to see the rainy Pleiades in the sunshine as a pout on a pleasant day. When I fish for fish, I go with my son in the drizzling twilight; on a pleasure trip with Endicott it is perhaps as well, after all, to stop at the fish market. For the bluefish, cooked in the intrusive frying-pan, over our kindled-by-kindling-wood fire, eaten from a paper plate, was a part of the perfection of that sunny afternoon; almost as much a part as the singing of the grasshoppers in the daisy-field, and the quivering shadows made by the apple leaves upon the grass. Endicott and I learn again to talk to each other on our fishing trips. Tradition helps us there; we always have talked under that particular tree and it is easier to open the way again, perhaps beginning where we left off the year before when the apple blossoms were falling on the grass and the veery sang where we found the ovenbird's nest years ago. An afternoon under our apple tree, and then another hour in the boat, with Endicott to row, and the sunset fading into star-rise, — I think we were not sorry to leave the trout and the pickerel still in the shallows around the toad-lily

## ENDICOTT AND I GO FISHING

roots, when it came time for us to drive home along the old wood road, while the cool mist came out of the forest where the katydids were chirping, and fireflies were dancing in the dark.

— *Frances Warner, 1911.*

## THE WEEPING WILLOW WOMAN <sup>1</sup>

THE weeping willow woman  
Has such untidy hair,  
It's very long and brown and thin,  
And flutters everywhere.

The wind is always twirling it  
And twisting it around,  
Until it's streaming in the air,  
Or sweeping on the ground.

The weeping willow woman —  
I wish that she would care  
To be more neat and tidy,  
And fasten up her hair!

— *Emily Rose Burt, 1909.*

<sup>1</sup> (Permission Cassino's *Little Folks.*)

## THE LEMON JELLYFISH

Down by the seashore, in the sea,  
So many things astonish me,  
But oddest one of sort and kind  
The lemon jellyfish, I find.

A palest yellow is its hue,  
And clear enough to look right through,  
So smooth and shiny like a bowl,  
It really does look very droll!

A nice flat stone is just the dish  
To hold the lemon jellyfish;  
It quakes and quivers gently there  
Like lemon jelly, real and rare.

And very good I think 't would seem  
When fixed with sugar and with cream;  
It looks so good I almost wish  
To eat the lemon jellyfish.

— *Emily Rose Burt, 1909.*

## IS IT ? <sup>1</sup>

TELL me, sailor, tell me do,  
Is the ocean really blue,  
Like my father's writing-ink  
Or the bluing by the sink?

For I almost think, you know,  
That it is n't truly so!

When I dip it gently up  
In my pail or in a cup,  
All the water there I find  
Is like any other kind!

— *Emily Rose Burt, 1909.*

<sup>1</sup> (Permission of Cassino's *Little Folks*.)

## THE BLUE BUTTERFLY

ALL in the sunlit morning on the hill  
Where buttercups and tasseled grasses grew,  
I saw a fluttering thing, a-dance, then still,  
A little lightning butterfly of blue.

With tiny wings outspread to catch the breeze,  
It seemed in dreaminess to idly float  
Adrift upon the sunny, airy seas  
Like some small, aimless, blue-sailed pleasure boat.

With careless course, no whither and no where,  
A stop at some fair floweret port, or stay  
At daisy islands rising in the air,  
It dallied lingeringly the hours away.  
— *Emily Rose Burt, 1909.*

## A PROBLEM IN PHILOSOPHY

THEY say my room does not exist  
    Except when I am there.  
This vague and shadowy state of things  
    Is more than I can bear.  
I'll test the truth of it myself;  
    I'll catch it unaware.

With books piled high, I'll make believe  
    I'm going out to stay;  
I'll say quite loud, "I'll not return  
    Till later in the day,"  
And give it, oh, a splendid chance  
    To vanish quite away.

Then softly will I creep around  
    Beneath my window high;  
And with a ladder tall and strong  
    I'll climb so still and sly.  
I'll look — and prove that theory  
    And find if it's a lie.

— *Alice M. Watts, 1909.*

## THE BALLAD OF SUSAN AND THE LUNAR MOTH

“Oh, look, papa!” did Susan cry,  
    “What lies here in my hand!  
A lovely moth with spotted wings,  
    Are not his colors grand?”  
Her father bent his learned head;  
    Indulgently he smiled,  
For Susan was, as you perceive,  
    A nature-loving child.

“And may I keep him in the house  
    And learn his every trait?”  
“You may, my child,” her father said,  
    “Your taste ’t will cultivate.”  
For many a week did Susan play  
    And study with her pet;  
But oh, alack! one hapless hour  
    Brought tears and sore regret.

This moth one vicious habit had  
    Which casts this tale in gloom.  
One day in blundering, playful mood  
    He entered Susan’s room;

## SUSAN AND THE LUNAR MOTH

And climbing through a tiny crack  
Of Susan's shining trunk,  
From her new blouse he chewed, alas!  
A large white flannel chunk.

"Oh, father dear, come here and see!"  
Cried Sue. "The lunar moth  
My kindness basely has repaid;  
Behold this blemished cloth.  
What shall we do? What shall we do?"  
The father wiped his eye.  
"I hate to break your comradeship,  
But your dear pet must die."

Next day the father took his gun  
With courage resolute,  
Intending for his daughter's good  
That lunar moth to shoot.  
Within the attic's deepest gloom  
Poor Susan hid her head  
And sobbed but harder when she heard  
Her lovely moth was dead.

— *Alice M. Watts, 1909.*

## BILLY AND BLACK ANN

BILLY was seven years old, and almost ready to enter into fraternal relations with Robbins, the hired man. Hitherto his overalls had been made from a modified pattern of his sister's rompers, with much indefiniteness, of course, as to straps and pockets. Now he had a pair of real ones, with dark billowy stripes and heavy black buckles, which he knew had never come from the button bag that hung on the inside of the closet door. To be sure the legs of these new trousers were a great deal too long, but his mother had cut them off to fit him, and besides, nobody knew about it when they were tucked inside of his rubber boots. For Billy had rubber boots, too, — boots with little rubber ears to pull them on with, and pieces of metal on the heels that left queer patterns in the soft mud. What a comfort it was to walk straight through a puddle of water without caring a bit where it splashed!

Boots and overalls, however, were only a means to an end in the life of Robbins, the hired man, and Billy tried not to think too much about his own. He told the boys who came to play with him that he "had to work now." Sometimes he could have taken it all back when he saw them scampering off to dam up the

## BILLY AND BLACK ANN

tiny freshet which hurried over the rocks on the side hill. Never mind; were n't he and Robbins clearing the stones all off of the corner lot? It was nice to be out there with all the busy morning things! Sometimes the crows came so near that he could see the sun glistening on their smooth black bills. And Billy often wondered if the fat gray squirrel that blinked at him from the top of the stone wall knew about a wire cage rat-trap which he had baited and set so carefully in the snow under the big pine tree. Then there were the long rides to and from the ditch, when Billy stood on the edge of the stone boat and Robbins walked along behind. He wished his mother could see him guide the team through that gap — the gap where Robbins himself had tipped over a load of hay last summer.

So the long morning went by and the big whistle across the river blew for twelve o'clock. At the first sound of this loud, screeching thing that seemed to come from nobody knew where, he and Robbins unhitched the horses and started home. Robbins carried the whiffletree, and Billy drove, or rather followed, the horses at a pace that made his boots feel very heavy by the time they came in sight of the house. He hoped his father did not see him standing on the edge of the trough to let down old Dolly's check-rein, but he was happy as he watched her take in long draughts of water, with her sleek brown ears moving

## BILLY AND BLACK ANN

back and forth, as even and regular as the pendulum of the big clock in the hall.

Long after breakfast one morning Billy went into the barn and saw a great armful of straw over in the corner beneath the window. How strange that Robbins had not left it for him to throw down at night! And why was Black Ann eating her hay over there? He would go and drive her back, and — it was a calf! a new calf! and Black Ann, between hurried mouthfuls, was introducing the two. Billy was sure he had never seen such a fine calf. It was of a light fawn color, with a darker ridge along the top of its back and a tiny white tip on the very end of its tail. On either side of the head was a spot where the hair had been brushed into a curl, and just beneath it Billy could feel a queer little bump which some day perhaps would grow into smooth, curved horns like those of Black Ann herself. Billy did not spend much time in the field for the next few days. He told his father and Robbins that the cornstalks ought to be carried off the barn floor. And when the others had all left him and the barn was still, he would steal down and lie on the straw with the little Black Ann. He liked to feel of the soft, silky places on the sides of its mouth and to hold the hot little nose in his hand. And once, when the sun was very warm and his father had gone away, Billy led the little creature up into the yard so that his mother could see it through the kitchen win-

## BILLY AND BLACK ANN

dow. But they did not stay long, for Black Ann could not go along, of course, and it was not half fair to separate the two.

Then came the day when Billy's father said at dinner, "Robbins and I are going to mill this afternoon. If the calf man comes, tell him I'll take anything I can get for that calf of Black Ann's. You may keep the money." Billy was glad that his mother had heard this. His father was trusting him to do a thing like this instead of any one else in the family.

The afternoon was dreadfully long. Billy did not go near the barn. The tire to his express wagon had come off some time ago and it must be fixed. The bar of sunlight that shone through a knot hole in the side of the tool house was getting shorter and shorter, when Billy heard a wagon rumbling along the road. Yes, it was coming up the lane. He knew what it looked like — a great, covered wagon with a black top and two little green doors at the end that shut with a padlock. Billy waited until the horse was tied and blanketed before he stepped out into the yard and said, "Father has gone away, Mr. Slavin, but I'll show you the calf." With brave steps, Billy led the way across the cow yard and down to the stable door. All was still inside except now and then for a tremendous sigh as some old bossy folded her legs beneath her and settled comfortably down for a nap. Billy unlocked the door and walked straight over to

## BILLY AND BLACK ANN

the corner. Black Ann had risen to meet them, but Billy turned his back squarely upon her and looked down at the little fellow who was sleeping so soundly in the straw at his feet.

"Get up, you," said Billy in a deep voice, at the same time resolutely prodding the sleek little side with the toe of his rubber boot. He had seen Robbins do that when he showed the pigs to the butcher last fall. Billy tried not to notice the small, rough tongue that was drawn across his hand the next minute. Mr. Slavin "hefted" and felt for a few moments.

"Wa'al," he said, "I reckon his hide 'll fetch about two dollars down to Brighton."

"All right, sir," said Billy, as he followed the trader back through the yard and up to the wagon again. The green doors opened; Billy shut his eyes; there was a thud, and then a great churning inside as though many small legs and hoofs were trying to make room for one more set. Then the wagon started, turned the corner, and went rattling down the lane.

. . . . .  
When Robbins came down with the milk pails at six o'clock, the light from his lantern shone across the barn. Over in the corner was Billy, his face buried in the soft folds of Black Ann's neck; in one hand were two crumpled dollar bills, and in the other a piece of tarred rope fastened to an empty collar.

— *Esther Loring Richards, 1910.*

**“STAR-DROPS LINGERING AFTER SUN-  
LIGHT’S RAIN” (SIDNEY LANIER)**

ALL day the glory of the summer sun  
Had streamed in radiant showers upon the earth,  
And fruitful lands in their maturity  
Had stretched out eager arms to catch and hold  
The rain of light that overflowed the world.  
When, at the end of day, the wearied sun  
Had dropped behind the elms, whose reaching arms  
Seemed loth to let the golden sunlight go,  
And night had spread her dark wings in the sky,  
There hovered in the dim, soft depths above  
A million tiny star-drops, left behind  
By the long golden rain of the sun’s day.

— *Alzada Comstock, 1910.*

## SPIRIT OF LOVE

SPIRIT of Love, you have guided me on  
From the red-winged dawn of day,  
When youth's morning promise gleamed fresh in the  
dew,  
And I begged you to let me stay.  
But you called, "Come away!  
Love lies not in the dawn of day.  
Come away!"

And again in the sunlit spaces of noon,  
When life's full promise lay  
Rich on the fields of ripening grain,  
I begged you to let me stay.  
But you called, "Come away!  
Noon is not all of love's sweet day.  
Come away!"

And now, in the deepening twilight my heart,  
Weary with love's long day,  
Looks west, where the gray and crimson meet;  
And I beg you to let me stay.  
Here let me stay!  
Love lies in the cool of the westering day.  
Let me stay!

## SPIRIT OF LOVE

Spirit of Love, are you calling me on

Beyond the gates of life's day

Into the dark of the night beyond?

I can hear you call, "Come away!

Come away! Come away!

Love is not told in life's short day.

Come away!"

— *Alzada Comstock, 1910.*

## FEBRUARY

Oh, I'm weary of the snow heaps on the hillside,  
And I'm weary of the bitter, barren sky;  
Lonely winds are calling through the hemlocks,  
And the shifting dead leaves shiver at their cry.

Yesterday, — to-morrow, — in the hemlocks,  
Little winds of summer laughing low,  
But I'm weary of the frozen, moaning branches,  
And the endless, dreary wastes of drifting snow.  
— *Alzada Comstock, 1910.*

## GARDENS

SOMETIMES I hear a man with joyless face  
And eyes dark-shadowed by the stress of days  
Rail at the cruel quickness of the pace  
We lead, the time-driv'n passion of men's ways.  
I would he had a fragrant garden plot  
Wherein to walk when dark begins to fall;  
Wherein to dream when August winds are hot;  
And where the first birds of the morning call.  
I have a garden, and when day's long fight  
Has worn from me the freshness of my strength,  
I walk within it in the fading light;  
I sit within the shadow's cooling length.  
Make you a garden; when the world is gray,  
Walk there and dream there at the end of day.

— *Alzada Comstock, 1910.*

## COMPANIONSHIP

WE two met in a sunny place  
Just where the woodland ends;  
You smiled at me, I smiled at you,  
And then — we two were friends.

I know not, nor, I think, do you,  
Just why you took my hand;  
We only know we laughed our way  
Across the meadow land.

A meadow land of smiles and sun,  
Where showers were quick to pass,  
We thought we wept — our scattered tears  
Were dewdrops in the grass.

We played along with laughing hearts,  
You plucked a flower for me,  
I careless twined it in my hair —  
A blown anemone.

No sorrow tried our comradeship  
To prove it love in rue;  
We only picked the daisy  
To prove each other true.

## COMPANIONSHIP

This evening we two reached the place  
The sunny meadow ends;  
You smiled at me, I smiled at you —  
We parted, we two friends.

We only played a little while,  
But oh, 't was sweet to me,  
And now upon my heart I wear  
A blown anemone.

— *Eloise Robinson, 1910.*

## RECOMPENSE

ALL day I bar thee from my inmost thought;  
Remember not thy voice, thy ways, thy face,  
Thy little nameless charms, or any trace  
Of all that makes me love thee; else unwrought  
Were all my high endeavors and unfought  
My battles; but with single aim I win my place,  
Am stern of purpose, deeming it disgrace  
To stand unless by honor, praise unsought.  
And if, though all unwished, thy face doth seem  
To shine afar through smoke of battle drawn  
As mist which dims the radiant stars at dawn,  
I may not look on thee, else would I dream,  
Nor comprehend my trust and to the same  
Keep true. But when the darkening night hath  
brought

Release from strife, and every breath of night  
With quiet infinite and calm delight  
Steals on my soul; when hours of toil have brought  
Far shorter hours of sleep, though 'twixt us roll  
The breadth of seas, — I feel thy hand in mine,  
And seeing thy dear eyes cannot repine,  
For thou art near — within my very soul.

— *Eloise Robinson, 1910.*

## DREAMS

As after death but part of us lies there,  
Passive and still in some flower-scented room,  
While the freed soul into far lands and fair,  
Goes roving out beyond the grief and gloom,  
So in our sleep, that counterfeit of death,  
While quietly our bodies lie and still,  
Our spirits may, with every slow-drawn breath,  
Be speeding to whatever lands they will.  
There each brief hour with ecstasy is filled;  
Old friends we long to see come home again,  
By strange adventures are our pulses thrilled,  
Forgotten quite are all our griefs and pain.  
But with the morning light these pale dreams flee,  
Only the death-freed soul is really free.

— *Marion Ballou, 1910.*

## THE HOUR-GLASS

EARTH is the shell wherein our life is cast;  
Time is the glass which binds its sands so fast.  
The present is the slender passageway  
Through which the future slips into the past.  
*Marion Gay, 1910.*

## LITTLE BOY BLUE

UNDER the haycocks fast asleep —  
While the crickets sing in the clover beds,  
And the white, small daisies nod their heads,  
And the will-o'-the-wisp looks after the sheep!

He dreams so softly — our Little Boy Blue,  
And the cornfields rustle their silken leaves,  
Where floats the web that the spider weaves,  
And the sunshine flickers the long day through.

Oh, Little Boy Blue! the cow's in the corn,  
And the sheep in the meadow are straying afar;  
They may roam till the rise of the last wee star,  
For they wait till they hear you blow your horn.

But Little Boy Blue dreams on all day.  
He has traveled away on a May-fly's wing  
To hear all the chimes that the bluebells ring  
In the elfin dale where the fairies play.

Shall we awake him? No, not I!  
For a Pixie sits on a cornflower there,  
And he shakes his wand with a warning air  
When a noisy wren or a bee goes by.

## LITTLE BOY BLUE

The will-o'-the-wisp will tend his sheep;  
The brownies will watch the rustling corn,  
While our Little Boy Blue with his silent horn  
Lies under the haycock fast asleep.

— *Frances Warner, 1911.*

## PENELOPE

I LEAVE my toil; the tapestry is done.  
My heart is weary with the weary years, —  
Years that have gone since those glad early days  
When all my life was eagerness and joy.  
Oh, then, when first Ulysses left our shore  
And sank beyond my sight beneath the stars,  
I watched the aching distance day by day  
And hoped each morn would herald his return.  
But now 't is late; my heart grows old alone;  
Alone and sorrowful I end my years.  
For what is life for me when he is gone?  
A task, a weaving toil from dawn to dark,  
To ravel all the threads at eventime.  
And who would be a woman but to toil,  
Weaving the careful pattern day by day  
Which nightfall must undo? And after that  
To leave behind her but an empty loom  
Whereon another maid must take her task?  
The wind sweeps sadly from the distant crags;  
The stars are misty with a veil of tears;  
The sea birds rest, each calling first its mate;  
'T is but my heart that wakes and weeps alone.  
And yet my toil would be one round of joy, —  
My life complete, if but my lord would come.

— *Frances Warner, 1911.*

## THE MISSING TYPE

IN our college life the infinite variety of human personality expresses itself surprisingly little. We are slow to admit that this is so; yet the fact remains that most of the people whom we see about us are variations of a few types. Certain sorts of personality which especially would seem to belong in such a place as this are altogether absent. I used to try to imagine a representative of one of these missing types drifting, by some chance, into the college community; I wondered what she would think of us, and we of her. That is why, when I did come upon just such a one, I was particularly attracted to her; and why, now that she has gone, I have decided to share my experience with those members of the college who never knew her.

A white world lay before me as one day I started out from the village for a solitary walk. But it was not of a dead whiteness: it quivered in the sunlight like a breathing thing; the perfect sky above and the distant purple-shadowed hills were inseparably a part of it; and here and there and everywhere strange lights fell upon the whiteness and turned it into flame. I stopped to listen: my ear could catch no sound, and yet the air was filled with silent speech, as if some

## THE MISSING TYPE

spirit ached to pierce my dullness. Mysterious the scene was, but not with a mystery dark and impenetrable; it gleamed tantalizingly, and hinted the things which it never told. So, because it was white and at the same time full of color, and because it haunted me by suggestions of things I could not grasp, I said, "It is a landscape of mother-of-pearl."

I turned to find that I was not alone. The girl who stood before me was so marvelously a part of the scene that I almost fancied I had dreamed her into its dreamlike beauty. She was clad in white from head to foot, but hatless, as is the custom of the college. Her hair gleamed softly above her exquisitely moulded face. Motionless, yet expectant, she stood there, the white at her throat rising and falling with her quick breath, her clear, wide eyes searching mine. Such a face I had never seen; it shone as though a lamp were lighted within it, and every line of it spoke with the same silent speech that I had felt in the landscape.

How it came about that we walked on together I hardly know; of what we talked I can say little more, only that it was all of the wonder of life. We held that sort of intercourse which is independent of speech and of the speaker, in which the common thought leaps as if winged from word to word, eager, effortless. So we went on, she tireless, I unconscious of fatigue, while the white miles fled beneath our feet.

## THE MISSING TYPE

At last, with the shadows of the western mountains creeping fast across the little hills between, I left her at the door of her college hall. Fully aware now of my weariness I stumbled homeward, but the thought of her stayed with me. I saw the light of wonder that moved upon her face; I heard again the palpitating rush and pause, the rich crescendo and delicate *diminuendo* in the music of her voice. Always, however, I came back to my first sight of her, framed in the landscape that was mother-of-pearl.

Our talk had been refreshingly free from preliminaries. We began in the middle of things and never afterward found time to speak of ourselves. I was able to glean a little about her from the common talk of the college, but most of that little was not enlightening. She was a queer creature, all agreed; just what constituted the queerness I found it harder to discover. One thing, her neighbors said, was clear: she evidently had money. For how else could she ignore the economical conventionalities of college dress — the indispensable sweater, the convenient sailor suit, the practical rubber coat? And whence otherwise that taint of aristocracy which withheld her from the common herd of freshmen, which somehow denied intimacy even to the most aggressive friendliness? But few puzzled long over the question. "It must be," cried college sentiment, "that she is conceited!" And so her place among us was assigned to her.

## THE MISSING TYPE

"Conceited." I pondered the word with myself for some time, striving to reconcile its meaning with that sensitive sympathy I had seen in her on that first afternoon, and again many times afterward. I could not be content with the result. There was something behind that had to be explained before one could thus lightly label her. Meanwhile my acquaintance with her had progressed by degrees. At times days and even weeks went by without our exchanging one spoken word. But when I came upon her suddenly in some corner of the library, or even in the hubbub of the college post-office, the silent greeting of her eyes never failed me. Then suddenly some magic moment would bring her near, and speech would come so simply and naturally that I wondered whether it might not have been so before. Gradually I realized that when it was not so, the fault was mine. The welcome was always waiting in her eyes; it was I who could not always answer it.

Sometimes I found her in her own room. Such a room I had not seen elsewhere in college, for she had had it finished for herself and had set her stamp upon it. It baffled me by its suggestion of colors which always just eluded me. There was much that was dull gold — of that I am certain, for the gold of her hair was repeated in soft gleams from this corner and from that. There was a delicate rose there, too, and sometimes glints of green, or blue, or even crimson would

## THE MISSING TYPE

flash out and disappear. What the room may have been without its occupant I do not know, for after she had left it I dared not go to it until, papered by the authorities in a durable brown, it fell to the lot of a classmate of mine with whom I have whiled away there many a pleasant hour. But as I knew it first it was an exquisite frame for her who lived in it and seemed to enthrall the visitor with the spell of her personality. Perhaps that was why we missed there the ease we found together out of doors. I could not quite catch the spirit of the room and its occupant, and the contrast between my failure to do this and their perfection struck a jarring note in our intercourse.

When I was conscious of this I always remembered the quarrel which College Sentiment had with her. She had tacitly set up a standard; our failure to conform to it put us — in spite of ourselves, and perhaps in spite of her — beyond her pale. From certain of the things we said and did she showed an involuntary shrinking that hurt and angered us; toward others she maintained a quiet indifference more irritating still. She was thus indifferent to most of my college girl crudities; only the sensation of distance from her when I let myself fall into them taught me how far removed she was from them. But sometimes things happened that shocked her into hurt surprise. It was so, I saw, when we spoke of our work with that mixture of glib indifference and half-comic dismay which

## THE MISSING TYPE

we affect at times. I resented, with the rest, this implied criticism of our words and ways; and still I puzzled over it.

The clew came on one evening in late winter. I had come from one of the rooms in her hall and on my way out stopped at the door of the reception-room, loath to plunge again into the whirl of snow outside. The fire blazing on the hearth gave the room its only light. Before it I found her dreaming. She welcomed me softly, and I lingered for an hour. For the first time she talked of people, — of people whom I had known long but of whom she taught me much, — dealing tenderly with them, revealing them, I thought, with a gracious gleam, just as the firelight revealed her face, letting me see the hidden lights in them, like the lights that kept flashing from her gown. She made me understand (without dreaming, I believe, that I needed to be made to understand) that nothing any one of us said or did was meaningless to her; that whatever we were in all sincerity had for her a human dignity, touched her with an almost reverent awe. When I went away, although still unsure of much, at least I was finally convinced that College Sentiment had mistaken her.

At last there came, one day, that first sweet hint of spring which we await so hungrily as March draws on. It had been raining, but now, in the late afternoon, the wind was chasing clouds across blue sky —

## THE MISSING TYPE

and the smell of that wind meant spring. I caught a whiff of it as the heavy door of the library swung to behind me; then I saw her on the walk, waiting for me. Grown used to her surprises though I was, I caught my breath at the sight of her. Beneath the pearly gray of her wrap gleamed a gown of rose and gold. The wind had caught its shimmering folds which fluttered unrestingly about her and took on new lights with every movement. Her hair, loosened by the wind, made a halo about her face. Her eyes, flashing with a wild light, summoned me, and I answered them, excited and at the same time awed. We set out silently for a certain hillside spot which we both knew well. On and up we went, the wind behind us. More striking than ever before was my companion's strange kinship with the beauty about her. The world we looked upon was a wild world, a windy riot of fresh color. And so was she wild and windy, full of tumultuously blended lights and shades. As I watched her I saw more and more clearly signs of struggle; there was a passion in her face; but what it meant I could not tell. We had halted by this time far up on the winding path, where we could look down over the college campus and on across the wind-swept hills to the western range. Above, the wonder of the sky grew with every instant. First there was a blaze of crimson, but the tireless wind seized and scattered it before our eyes and left only multitudinous

## THE MISSING TYPE

waves of paling color with glimpses of blue between. At this moment I turned and saw that my companion's face had changed as the sky had changed. Whatever her strength might have been, it was dying down now. But still from her eyes looked out that baffled questioning; only now, instead of demand I saw appeal in them, — and, as ever, I was powerless to answer it.

Little by little, through the months, I had come to understand something of what this girl might be. But not until late spring did I really see it — see, I mean, as much as I was capable of seeing, for even now there are aspects which I cannot comprehend. This I know assuredly; that the reserve of which we complained in her was not a wilful reserve, she would have given us more of herself if we had let her, only she could not speak our language or we hers.

One Sunday afternoon in early May, I was dreaming alone over a book in the Masters' corner of the library. The touch of the late sun on the page made me look up. The light was pouring in through the western windows, but overhead the angel faces of the carvings smiled out of the dusk. Within all was silent, but through the open windows familiar songs came sweetly, mellowed by distance. I rose and looked out; they made a pretty sight, those groups of singing girls clustered about the steps of the old brick building. Behind me, then, some one stirred. Even before

## THE MISSING TYPE

I turned I knew that it was she, and she, too, was looking out. She was all in soft white to-day; only her sun-touched hair showed color.

"It is beautiful," I said. She did not answer; when I turned, great tears stood on her lashes. Silently I stole away from the window. She stood there motionless until the singing stopped and the laughing groups dispersed. Then her voice came clearly through the stillness.

"Yes, but there is no place in it for me."

It was the first time I had ever heard her speak of herself.

Almost before I knew it I had spoken. "Oh, Heart of Beauty," I cried, "don't you know that we need you?"

She faced me then, smiling down wistfully through her tears. "But you will not have me," she said.

I have not seen her since that day. She left the college suddenly, and I never heard from her. Looking back now, I see that she had to go; for I cannot convince myself that we had anything that she needed, and what she offered us we did not know how to take. Nevertheless the surprise of not finding her here keeps hurting me. Incredulously I go back to the places in which I used to see her; she is not there, and they can never be perfect for me without her. Yet sometimes I have fancied that I heard her voice. Sometimes familiar faces have a fleeting resemblance

## THE MISSING TYPE

to hers. Then I wonder why it was that we could not make room for her among us, and whether it may not be that some day she will come back to us, and we shall understand her.

— *Helen Love Hart, 1912.*

## THE AWAKENING.

WHEN sunrise flushed the summer sky  
And purple clouds grew bright,  
And little birds sang sweet and low,  
Awaking with the light,

I thought your voice was calling me;  
My heart was hushed to hear,  
For I had waked from fairy dreams  
And seemed to find you near.

And though I knew it was the wind  
That stirred the garden fair,  
I think I saw you smiling then,  
With sunlight on your hair.

—*Helen C. Crane, 1911.*

## HEPATICA

BROWN fields are lying still in winter sleep,  
The wind is chill;  
But I have found the blue hepatica  
Upon the hill.

Like child eyes, sweet and shy, they open wide  
To sun and showers;  
And though the fields are brown, I see in these  
A world of flowers.

— *Helen C. Crane, 1911.*

## A SMALL TRAGEDY

"AND so I'm going home." The girl twisted her hands nervously and there was a choke in her voice as she concluded. The young instructor did not remonstrate; it was one of the few reasonable statements the impossible student had uttered, and she was a very honest young instructor.

"Who advised you to come?" she asked, in a voice which was meant to be sympathetic, but which was in reality very fierce; for the young instructor had been touched by the story of the hopelessly stolid student and was filled with an unreasoning anger toward someone. "Who advised you to come?" she repeated.

The girl traced patterns on the desk top and answered wearily, "The principal and the high-school teachers at home. You see, no girl had ever gone to college from our town, and they knew father would send me."

"But they must have known you could n't do the work. Did you have trouble in high school?"

The girl nodded. "I did n't get on very well in Latin or mathematics, but I did n't mind the other things, and I wanted to come. I read lots of books about college and the girls always had such good times. I — I wanted to come."

## A SMALL TRAGEDY

"And last year you had so much trouble; why did you come back? Did you make many friends?" The young instructor's voice was softer now; visions of her own successful college career floated before her and she had a still fiercer desire to lay violent hands on those who had wrought this small tragedy.

The impossible student shook her head, and slow tears rose to her eyes. "No, I had n't any friends," her voice hardened a little; "I never had time to make them. When I first came the girls used to ask me to study with them, but I was too slow and never could help, and by and by they stopped asking me. I could n't do any of the other things they did either, except play basketball, and, of course, I had conditions, so I could n't do that; and then I never had time. Sometimes I thought I would n't come back again, but they say it's easier after freshman year, and I meant to start all over. There was a girl I wanted to know this year, so I went to the hall where she was and I thought we were going to be friends, but girls don't like stupid people, and, besides, I got two more conditions. I guess college is n't just what the books say it is and — I'm going home."

— *Marion I. Colby, 1911.*

## ROMANY LURE

A ROMANY lad is singing alone  
Under a pine on the top of a hill.  
Small stars shine dimly overhead,  
And, save for his singing, the night is still.

“Out of the dust and the dirt and the throng  
Come out of the city to me, lass dear,  
For your eyes are tired, though your heart be strong;  
Come out to the freedom awaiting you here.

“Come out on the trail that’s as wide as the world,  
The trail of true living and love, my dear,  
Where there’s never a chance for the soul to be tired  
Though the body cry ‘Weary’ when stars appear.

“For the Romany road brings a life of content,  
With a Romany lad to love you, sweet;  
There are days that are sunlight and nights that are  
space,  
And ever a road lies long at our feet.”

— *Lowise Whitefield Bray, 1912.*

## SEA DESIRE

OH, I'm yearning to-day for a sight of the sea,  
With its long, low-lying reaches;  
For the gray blue, whipped into quivering white,  
And the yellow sand on the beaches.

And I long for the sound of the wind in the grass  
Where it curves round the open spaces; —  
For the mystic, wavering, murmuring tide,  
And the folk with the lonely faces.

— *Louise Whitefield Bray, 1912.*

## A SEA SONG

I BUILT for myself a house at the edge of the sea;  
I fashioned it out of the rocks joyously;  
Where I lived in the blithest way, in my sea dome,  
That out of the width of the world I call home.

No other comrade I found than the sea,  
Where wind-blown waves befriended me.  
Skimming the surface foam, gulls swept by,  
And I felt but a scorn of the city nigh  
Whence I had escaped to the edge of my sea,  
To lie on the sands' immensity.

There was never an hour when I, soul-tired,  
Longed for the lights of the town, gold-bemired.  
For the pleasure of peace I knew, the beauty of day,  
And deep in myself I can find that peace alway.

— *Louise Whitefield Bray, 1912.*

## THE CORNFIELD

WHEN the moon peers red through the cornfield,  
And the dead leaves' rustle is still,  
Then silently, stealthily creeping,  
The Indians glide down the hill!

Hushed are the mice in the stubble;  
Stayed is the hoot-owl's flight,  
As squaws and braves and papooses  
Like cloud-shadows drift through the night.

When dim 'mid the cornfield wigwams  
The dancing fox-fire gleams,  
While the dull, even throb of the tom-tom  
Comes faintly up from the streams,

We know that the tribesmen are gathered,  
The sachems have come their far ways,  
And the white mist floats from their peace pipes  
At the mystic feats of the Maize.

— *Myrtle Smart, 1912.*

## TO 'LIS'BETH

'LIS'BETH, because your lips are full of laughter,  
And laughing you first woke the heart in me,  
And laughing you will fairly break it after,  
With the dear torture of your mockery,  
I am afraid to tell you that I love you.  
(I wonder — if I told her, would she smile?  
Then would my heart grow faint with shame the  
while.)

'Lis'beth, because your eyes grow sometimes tender  
With sorrow for this sad world's suffering,  
And my wild hope, so pitifully slender,  
Might seem to you a poor, pathetic thing,  
I am afraid to tell you that I love you.  
(If I could tell her, would she pity me?  
Compassion would more hard than laughter be.)

'Lis'beth, because your heart was made for loving,  
And love would be exceeding rich in you,  
And all life's length is but too short for proving  
How deeply I do cherish you, how true,  
I cannot keep from telling you I love you.  
(I wonder — when I tell her, will she? — Nay,  
I dare not speak it; 't is too sweet to say!)

— *Helen Love Hart, 1912.*

## THE LADY OF THE NIGHT

ADOWN the mountain-side she stepped,  
With gentle mien and dignified;  
And when they saw her, sunbeams gay,  
All flushed and tired from hours of play,  
Ran out across the sky, and crept  
Into her arms to hide.

With gentle hand she gathered them,  
And folded them away like flowers;  
And from the east she swiftly slipped,  
All starry-eyed and crimson-lipped;  
And from her garment's purple hem  
Dew dropped in diamond showers.

The purple softness of her gown  
Trails deepening shadow everywhere.  
But through the folds a shining star  
Shows where the sleepy sunbeams are;  
And the summer moon, a silver crown,  
Lies crescent in her hair.

And o'er the earth her breath is sweet  
Of June rose-fragrance, soft and light.

## THE LADY OF THE NIGHT

She casts a magic over all —  
No leaf-blades stir, no petals fall;  
The world in silence waits to meet  
The Lady of the Night.

— *Katherine R. Barney, 1913.*

## THE CALL OF THE SPRING

Do you hear him calling, the great god Pan,  
Calling to waken the buds from their sleeping,  
Down near the bank where the crocus is keeping  
    Tryst with the snow?

Do you hear him laughing, the great god Pan,  
Laughing to rival the brook in its purling,  
And lilting of songs that it learned from the skirling  
    Of fairy pipes low?

Come, let us seek him, the great god Pan.  
The prints of his hoofs are bidding us follow  
Out to the ledges and deep-sheltered hollow  
    Where violets blow.

— *Grace T. Hallock, 1914.*

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